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AT THE ANTIPODES.

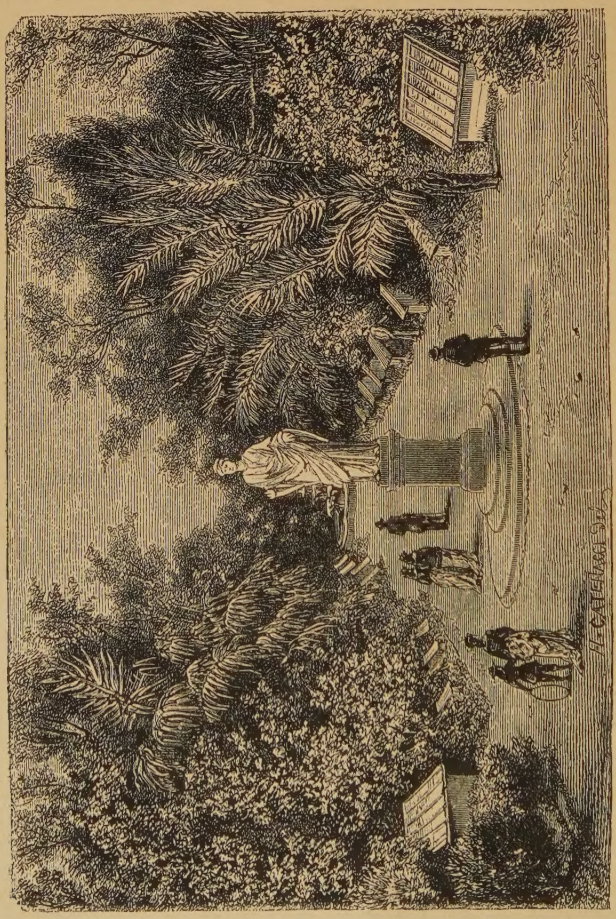
BY THE REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, LL.D.

II. WIDTH AND WEALTH.

In one of the pretty parks which adorn Sydney may be seen a statue which will certainly challenge the attention of the visitor. It is the figure of a seaman, dressed in the costume of the last century. He is looking over the houses which cover the sloping ground before him, and across the blue waters of the most beautiful harbour in the world, to a point where, in a wall of rocks, there is an opening so sharply defined on either side that it seems as though nature had herself built two mighty posts, on which to hang the huge doors of some Titanic prison. As he looks towards this, the entrance to the harbour, he stretches out his hand as though in greeting to the voyager who, after crossing vast seas, has come hither to establish a new home. The idea of that statue was a happy inspiration. For who is so well entitled to give a representative welcome to all new-comers as Captain Cook, the dauntless explorer, who himself was the first new-comer to these regions from the old land? He whose bravery and skill gave these broad lands to the English race, may well stand forever with eyes fixed on the great gateway of the continent he opened to civilization.

And yet, strangely enough, Cook himself never was in Sydney harbour. He landed at Botany Bay, about a dozen miles further down the coast. The discovery of the Sydney harbour was made by one of the seamen of Cook's ship, who roamed thither overland, and was rewarded, when he brought the tidings to the commander, by having his name forever linked with the beautiful haven he had found. This is why the proper name of Sydney harbour is "Port Jackson."

Botany Bay was once esteemed the most promising port and the chief settlement of the Southern World. So when it was proposed to send convicts across the seas, Botany Bay was their supposed port of destination; and to be "sent to Botany Bay," soon came to be synonymous with the severest punishment



Botanical Garden at Adelaide.

short of death. Thus with the fragrant title, suggestive of varied flowers and healing herbs, came to be associated the idea of all that was basest and most hopeless in European crime. Yet Botany Bay never was a convict station: for, though the first detachment landed there, the place was soon found to be unsuitable, and almost immediately the whole expedition shifted its quarters to Sydney Cove—now honourably known as the "Circular Quay"—in the wonderful harbour.

To devote such a place to such a purpose must have seemed, to the few who then knew it, a satire on nature. One of the loveliest spots on the face of the earth was turned into a sort of terrestrial hell, for the confinement and punishment of the most daring and desperate criminals. It only added to the horror, that some of those who were transported thither were sinners of a much milder type—not a few of them victims to a savage code which public opinion would not now tolerate for a moment. No wonder that of the convicts some became desperate, many mutinous, not a few murderers; whilst others, succeeding in escaping the rifle of the sentries, became bush-rangers, and opened a new and horrible chapter in the annals of English life, matchless for ferocity, cruelty and courage, except amongst the brigands of Italy or Greece.

Almost all traces of that state of things have long since passed away. Some excellent roads and other public works, some romantic and horrifying legends, and, thank God! some beautiful facts of moral reformation and subsequent prosperity and respectability, are all that remain of those former but not better days. To-day Sydney, seated queen-like on the shore of her beautiful harbour, is the capital of the widest and wealthiest of the Australian Colonies. Originally, indeed, Sydney was the seat of British Government for the whole Continent; but out of the vast territory which then was called New South Wales, Victoria, South and West Australia, and Queensland have been carved. Yet, in all the natural elements of national well-being, the old colony fully holds her own, and not a few think her still pre-eminent.

In population New South Wales is still a little behind her young and vigorous rival Victoria. But she is gaining rapidly in the competition; for, whilst in the last decade the population of Victoria increased only seventeen per cent., that of the Mother Colony grew forty-eight per cent.; and there can be no doubt with which the ultimate victory will lie. For the area of Victoria is very limited, and the land almost all taken up, whilst New South Wales has a vast and virgin territory which cannot fail to attract a large immigration.

Victoria could only hope to rival New South Wales by maintaining a manufacturing supremacy analogous to that of England amongst European nations. Her statesmen avow that their protectionist policy is devised for the encouragement and consolidation of their own manufactures. But New South

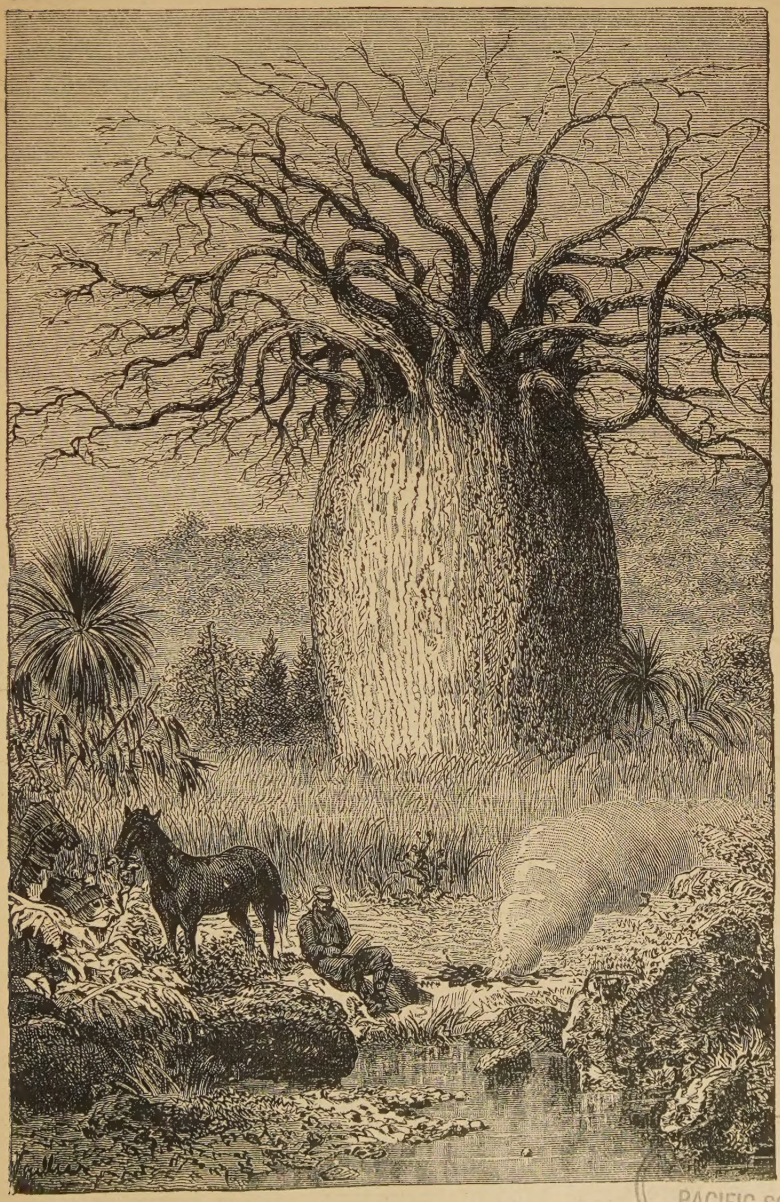
Wales is equally confident that her free-trade policy will not overweight her in the competition, especially as she has mineral resources in excess of those which Victoria can boast, gold being the only, and that a doubtful, exception. All the Colonies are dependent upon New South Wales for their chief fuel supply. And with her feet planted on limitless beds of coal, she can await calmly all comers in the competition for wealth.

New South Wales is also a vast and most valuable wool-growing colony, in this respect competing even with Queensland, and certain ultimately to far surpass Victoria. Large districts, too, of her territory are admirable for agriculture; and there appears every probability that the prosperity of New South Wales will rest on varied as well as vast bases. In this respect, the Old Colony is very tempting to the enterprising and agile-minded emigrant.

A few figures may perhaps be quoted here; though when one's calculation gets into millions, one's ideas of what they mean are apt to become vague. In New South Wales there are 323,427 square miles, or 198,620,143 acres! So this one colony is about as large as Great Britain and France united, and larger than any European country except Russia. This vast territory is divided naturally by a huge series of elevated plateaux into three other sections: the plateaux themselves being one; the coast lands, extending about sixty miles from the sea, and the plains of the interior being the others. The coast lands are rich in agricultural possibilities and products, and the plains form the great sheep-grazing districts. Owing probably to the distribution of the mountains of the colony, it is better watered than most of its neighbours. Considerable lakes are found in several localities; and rivers of huge length, though not of corresponding depth, flow deviously towards East and West.

I was able to spend only a few days in this vast colony, and could get but the hastiest glimpse of this wonderful land. Sydney itself might have well occupied a whole month. Indeed, I can scarcely conceive of a man's ever getting tired of Sydney Harbour. The extent of it is remarkable, but the shape still more so. Though the Heads are only, I think, some fifteen miles from the Circular Quay, its shape is so irregular, it runs up into so many bays and creeks, nooks and coves, that there are one thousand miles to be passed in a journey along the sea margin from head to head. Spread your hand upon a table, with the fingers opened as widely as possible; then imagine

each finger subdivided as much as the whole hand is already; fancy yourself starting on the thumb-side of your wrist, and travelling along the edge of every finger and subdivision of



Bottle Tree, Australia.

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finger, until you reach the wristbone on the little finger side, and you will get some idea of the sinuosity of Sydney Harbour.

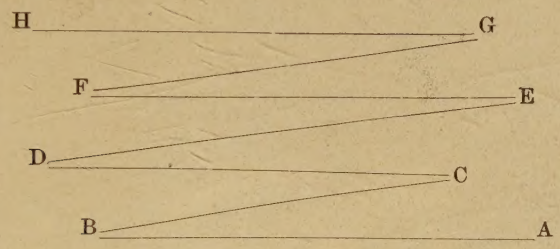
This extraordinary irregularity of outline gives not only a great number, but also an infinite combination of beautiful pictures. As you glide down the harbour in a steamer, every twenty yards of progress gives you a new arrangement of form, outline and colour. If you are strolling along the shore, a change of position by fifty yards brings into view some before-hidden headland, or varies the prospect by throwing up some background into greater prominence. There is literally no limit to the "permutations and combinations" of beauty accessible to the observer in and around this marvellous sheet of salt water.

I think most Englishmen would like the city itself. No doubt there are squalid districts in it, and disreputable old houses, and a good many of the features that disfigure our European towns. But, on the other hand, its situation is picturesque beyond compare; it contains many fine public buildings, and several very handsome private residences; and above all, most delightful to an English and most abhorrent to an American eye, it is *not* square. The streets are crooked and curved, and sometimes narrow. You can get round a corner here without being reminded of the second book of Euclid! Probably it is because Sydney has "grown naturally," instead of being "laid out" beforehand, that it wears a very home-like appearance to the Englishman who has been wearied with the angularity of Philadelphia and the rigidity of Melbourne.

I could not help feeling, too, that Sydney was solid. Its public buildings are mostly of genuine stone, not rubble and stucco. And as are its buildings, so its business; and so perhaps, one may say, is its social life. Not so showy, not so restless, not so feverish as some of its rivals, Sydney seems to have more foundation, more elements of commercial and social life that will stand when the winds blow and the floods come.

Though I am not writing a guide-book, I must say a few words more about the scenery of this colony. The Hawkesbury I had not time to visit, but from all that I heard, and from the pictures shown to me, I should judge its landscape to be equal to all but a very little of the best European river scenery. We did manage to get a run into the Blue Mountains. The mode of getting there and the sights when we got there were about equally surprising. These mountains are

about four thousand five hundred feet high. On both sides they rise almost perpendicularly out of a rolling plain. So steep is the escarpment that no ordinary railway can be carried up. The ascent is therefore made by means of the ziz-zag railroad. The roadway for this is cut in the face of the rock, and over it the engine alternately pulls and pushes the train. A very simple diagram may illustrate this:



The train, on its way from Sidney to the interior, is pulled from A to B; thence it is pushed up from B to C; then *pulled* from C to D and so on alternately, till it reaches the plateau, along which it runs for some distance, and then crawls down to the other side of the mountain by a similar process of alternate pushing and hauling. This railway is really a wonderful triumph of engineering skill. It has not only brought a cool and bracing region within easy reach of Sydney, but it has opened the great plain country beyond to the commerce of the world. For it is scarcely conceivable that those plains could ever have shown thriving townships and a large, settled population, whilst every letter and newspaper, every plough and every yard of cloth, had to be dragged over those mountains by mule-teams or horses.

The scenery in these mountains is *sui generis*. It is vast, imposing, surprising. In nooks there are bonny little pictures to be seen, but the main characteristics are gloomy and awe-inspiring. The most remarkable peculiarity is the existence of enormous valleys, sunk in the body of the mountains almost with the sharpness and perpendicularity of a pit. The bottom of the pit, however, is scarcely less than the mouth of it, and some of these openings are a mile, two, even three miles in diameter. One, perhaps the most celebrated, is called Govett's Leap. You may come to the edge of this natural pit, and look down three thousand feet, to where the trees are quivering and

rustling far below, many of them two and three hundred feet high, yet looking at that distance no larger than currant bushes. The plain which forms the bottom of this depression must be several miles across. The place gets its name from the legend that a bushranger called Govett, hotly pursued by the police,

CASCADE, ON THE BLACKSPUR RIVER, AUSTRALIA.

leaped over the edge, rather than be taken back to the convict chain. One shudders to think of that awful leap. Fancy a man leaping off the top of Snowdon, and falling sheer thence to the sea-level; for that marvellous hole is nearly as deep as Snowdon is high.

Perhaps equally striking, and more beautiful, are the Went-

worth Falls. The water here plunges into a valley fifteen hundred feet deep, by two leaps, of eight hundred odd and six hundred odd feet respectively. The effect of this grand sight is enhanced by the suddenness with which it meets the traveller's eye. You approach it by a forest road, which presently winds sharply and with many curves over the shoulder of a steep descent, until it suddenly terminates on the very lip of an enormous rock, whose perpendicular face you look sheer down for about one-third of a mile. At the bottom the trees, which thickly cover it, look only like tufts of grass. It takes one a little time to get over the sensation of horrified surprise, before one can begin to calculate and compare distances. Then at length one realises that he is looking sheer down into a natural pit, into which five St. Paul's Cathedrals could be put, one above another, yet the golden cross of the highest would not be on a level with the beholder's eye!

Wonderful as all this is, it is not the best of New South Wales. The strongest attraction of the Colony is the substantial well-being of the Colonists. No man of average intelligence, who will be sober and industrious, can easily fail to get a comfortable living; the probabilities are all in favour of his acquiring competence, if not wealth. There is, I think, no country under heaven in which the labourer and the artisan have a better chance than in this, the oldest and still one of the most prosperous of the Australian Colonies.

THE CROSS IN THE SNOW.

In the long sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.

Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.

There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.

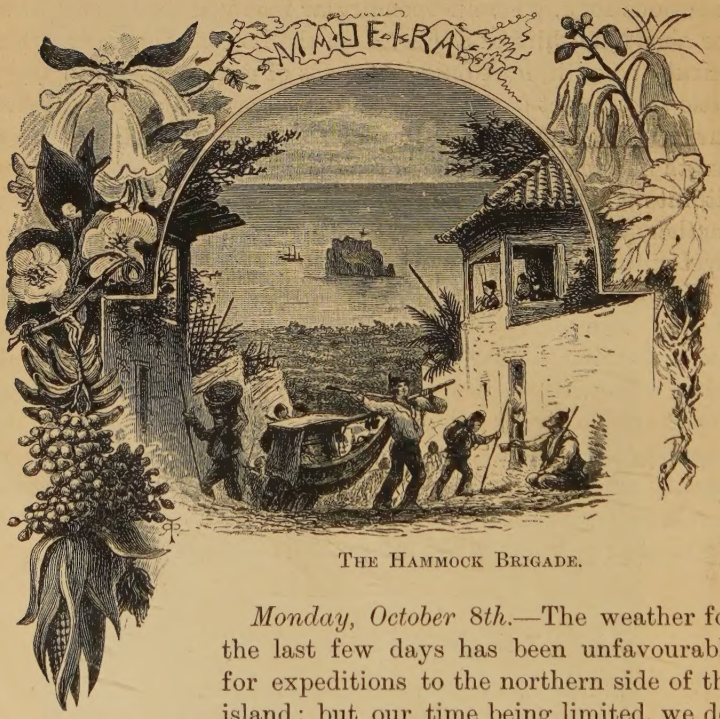
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

—*Longfellow.*

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING FORTIES.

BY LADY BRASSEY.

II.



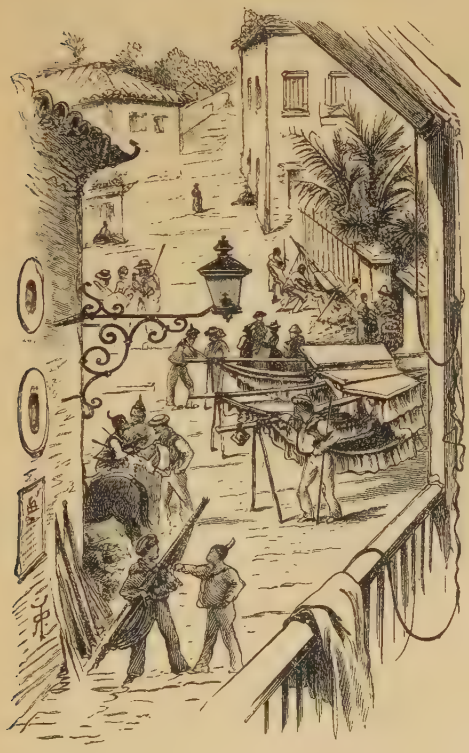
THE HAMMOCK BRIGADE.

Monday, October 8th.—The weather for the last few days has been unfavourable for expeditions to the northern side of the island; but our time being limited, we decided that we must go to-day or not at all.

At four o'clock this morning the aspect of matters verged on the hopeless. Heavy black clouds shrouded the hills to the northward; and the sailors predicted a thorough wet day Still provided with plenty of rugs and mackintoshes, we determined to make a start. There was some delay about the baggage-mules; but we managed to get away from the hotel soon after seven o'clock—the whole party being in hammocks on this occasion—and were carried up the steep streets till we met Dr. Grabham, who had offered to accompany us during the first part of our journey, in order to show us all the points of interest by the way.

Our first halt was made at the Quinta Davis, which is often occupied as a winter residence, and which must be a charming place to live in. The shrubs, trees, and flowers of all kinds, especially the camellias, are magnificent. The grounds also contain some fine cork-trees, besides a quaint old dragon-tree, and many other interesting objects.

Shortly after leaving the Quinta we crossed a kind of moorland, and climbed higher and higher, until as usual we got among the rain-clouds, where, but for our coverings, we should at once have been drenched by the violence of an almost tropical shower. At noon the rain ceased, the sun burst forth, and we had a delightful ride down the northern valley.



Preparing for the Expedition.

From the Ribiero Frio a short but almost perpendicular scramble brought us to the Balcão, whence we had a much nearer and more splendid view of the mountain peaks. A rapid descent down a good road brought us to Santa Anna. There was a gentle monotony about the journey that was highly conducive to slumber, especially after our early start (I had been up since 3.30), and all the excitement of the morning. To the feeling thus induced I yielded, until I was unexpectedly aroused by a sudden shock, to find that we had come into violent collision with an obdurate cow which blocked the way; that my hammock overhung the precipice; and that the bearers were clinging desperately to their companions and to whatever else

they could clutch; while the peasant proprietor of the cow tugged at her horns, apparently without much effect. Ultimately we got out of the dilemma (though I cannot easily tell how) without the terrible catastrophe occurring which at one time appeared almost inevitable.

Santa Anna, on the northern coast, where we had now arrived, seemed a nice little village; and we were none of us sorry to reach the excellent hotel, kept by Senhor Luiz Acciaioli, a gentleman of some property in these parts, who speaks French fluently, and by whom we were cordially received. Our party being so large, we had thought it prudent to bring both tents and beds with us. The former were not required; but the latter were highly useful. If we had not brought our head-steward, and some stores from the yacht, I fear we should have been but poorly off for food: the hotel resources, as I ascertained by personal inquiry in the kitchen, being limited to eggs. The kitchen was a curious old arched place with a large fireplace and chimney-corner, occupied by our host and a good-looking young woman—his daughter-in-law, I imagine—with a very pretty plump baby. We tried to make our rooms look home-like, and the dinner-table gay with the flowers which we had gathered on the road, and then enjoyed a very cheery dinner.

After dinner we adjourned to the big sitting-room and were further regaled with some delightful music, which Mr. Boissier managed to extract from the most antiquated-looking of old pianos. Under his skilful manipulation the instrument sounded more like an old-time spinet than a dilapidated but comparatiely modern instrument; and to songs judiciously selected it made a most pleasing and appropriate accompaniment. Our fifty hammock-men and carriers, made happy by the gift of a shilling each, we dismissed to find what quarters they could in the village, there being neither room nor food for them in the inn.

Tuesday, October 9th.—The twenty-third anniversary of our wedding-day was ushered in by the performance of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" on the spinet-like instrument before mentioned. I was awake long before daylight and saw the dawn break and the sun rise from behind the cliffs and mountains to the eastward.

It was intensely hot when we started at nine o'clock; but we soon got into shady lanes, and the road was so interesting that it did not seem long. We passed a little cottage where a woman

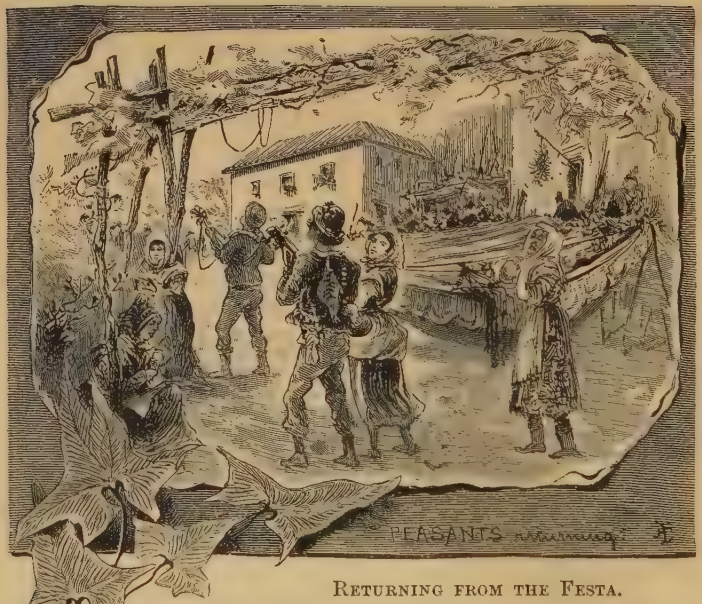
was spinning at a wheel, and not much farther on a girl spinning in the old-fashioned and graceful way with a distaff. At Fayal the church is remarkable, not only for its peculiar style of architecture, but for its situation, imbedded as it seems to be in vegetation of all kinds—the village itself being in a fertile sheltered valley where many sugar-canes grow. The cultivation of sugar is an important factor in the prosperity of Madeira: a fact which seems to have been fully recognized by the merchants of Funchal, the arms of which city consist of five sugar-

Ribiero Frio.

loaves. On our way we had an admirable prospect of the Penha d'Aguia, 1,900 feet high, standing out in bold isolation. Our hammock-men had this morning each brought us a bouquet, made up according to their several tastes and inclinations; and you may therefore imagine how gaily our hammocks were decorated. In fact, we appeared to be reposing on beds of flowers, the space above our heads and below our feet being filled up with floral trophies. The bearers had taken special pains to decorate my hammock, and had suspended from the poles bunches of grapes, Indian corn, apples, and lilies, collected on the road.

Before reaching Porto da Cruz we halted for some time under the vine-covered trellis of a small inn, while our men rested and

exchanged gossip with the peasants returning from the great annual festival which was held at Machico yesterday. On the



RETURNING FROM THE FESTA.

present occasion the holiday was observed with special solemnity, the Bishop having come down to honour it with his presence. Most of the peasants who now passed us were singing or playing on the native instrument, the *machéte*, which is something between a hand-violin, a guitar, and a banjo, and which gives forth somewhat sweet little tones when skilfully played. All, without exception, men, women, and children, bore strings of small objects round their necks—most frequently sacred cakes, or curious little images of Nossa Senhora de Machicos, made in pastry or bread, which they were taking home to those who, less fortunate than themselves, had not been able to attend the *festa*. Others carried dried fish of anything but pleasant aspect, calabashes of water, bread cakes, dried plums, and figs.

When we reached the summit, and our bearers turned to

allow us to enjoy the view, it was indeed a magnificent panorama that opened before us—the finest in all Madeira, some people say.

Our return journey, after leaving the Quinta, was by a steep and slippery road, and many and great were the falls thereon. We passed through the pretty little town of Machico, of which we could not observe much in the dark gloaming; and after a little delay and some difficulty we succeeded in getting a shore boat to take us off to the yacht, which Tom had brought round from Funchal in the course of the day, and which was lying some way out, gently rocking in the evening breeze. Our little army of hammock-men and porters expressed, through their head man, a great desire to pass the night on board the *Sunbeam;* but we gracefully declined to accept them as guests, and having retained the services of four bearers for the morrow, we dismissed the remainder.

Late in the evening we sent up some rather good rockets which we happened to have on board, and illuminated the vessel with blue lights, in honour of our wedding day. I fancy the exhibition gave great delight on shore, judging from the shouts and cries which we heard.

About nine o'clock the next morning we got up steam, and proceeded along the coast to Caniçal, where we landed at a sort of natural pier, formed by large stones jutting out into the sea, just beneath the white church of Nossa Senhora da Piedade, which is perched on the little conical hill that had served us as a landmark. The bearers whom we had retained were waiting for us; and, some of us on foot, some in hammocks, we quickly traversed the barren little neck of land and commenced the ascent to the higher ground. A most fascinating view rewarded us when we reached the summit of the cliff—of brown rocks, steep headlands, jutting out into the bluest of deep blue seas, very dark, and yet so clear you could count every stone below, where it was calm, even from this height. We could see right away towards Sao Lourenzo (named after the ship of the first Portuguese discoverer of the island), and Fora, with its remarkable lighthouse, in one direction; and in the other, over the headland of Bode San Antonio, to the green valley of Porto da Cruz, Fayal and Santa Anna, where the hotel at which we were yesterday the guests shone conspicuously white among its surroundings. Further on again, we could see San Jorge and a long stretch of coast, melting into that exquisite soft haze

which seems to be one of the characteristics of Madeira scenery. What we had really come to look at, however, was not the landscape, but the so-called fossil-beds, a curious geological formation, which looks exactly like a petrified forest, the trunks of old trees, the interlacing of branches, and the growth of separate twigs being all equally well represented. In reality this curious presentment is caused by the washing away of the very fine particles of basaltic sand from some curious fantastic-shaped calcareous infiltration: the result being that the deposit looks exactly like trees turned into limestone. Darwin, who visited some similiar beds in New Zealand with the late Admiral Fitzroy, has thus described them:—

"One day I accompanied Captain Fitzroy to Bald Head, the place mentioned by so many navigators, where some imagine they saw corals, and others that they saw petrified trees, standing in the position in which they had grown. According to our view the beds had been formed by the wind having heaped up fine sand composed of minute rounded particles of shells and corals, during which process branches and roots of trees, together with many shells, became enclosed. The whole then became consolidated by the percolation of calcareous matter, and the cylindrical cavities left by the decaying of

the wood were thus also filled up with a hard pseudostalactital stone. The weather is now wearing away the softer parts, and in consequence the hard casts of the roots and branches of the trees project above the surface, and in a singularly deceptive manner resemble the stumps of a dead thicket."

All too soon we were compelled to leave our pleasant seat among the rocks, and the delights of the pleasant northerly breeze, to return to the boat. Some of the smaller inhabitants of Caniçal in the scantiest of dirty-white garments, had begun to appear upon the scene, with the dry, bare, sun-burnt, semi-African character of which their small, brown, impish figures well harmonized. The distance is short from Machico to Santa Cruz. The whole coast is fine. In the interstices of the cliffs are numerous dragon-trees, with their curiously gnarled arms and spiky, artichoke-like heads. They always seem to me to possess more of the animal than of the vegetable character; and I half expect them to justify their formidable name, and suddenly to stretch out their claws and draw some*thing*, or some*body* into their poisonous embrace.

Fayal.

I had announced that I would be "at home" to *our* friends and any of *their* friends who might wish to see the yacht, at four o'clock this afternoon. Everybody came, I think, both English and Portuguese, including the two Governors, military and civil, the Director of Customs, and many others. Among our visitors was the wife of the Spanish Consul, a charming little woman, who had been on board the *Sunbeam* at Algiers some years ago, when her father was Consul there. In the midst of our entertainment, somewhat to our consternation, the

homeward-bound steamer, *Grantully Castle* was signalled, between twelve and twenty-four hours before her time, having made the quickest Castle Line passage on record from the Cape —fourteen days twenty-two hours. All was bustle on board, for Captain Young, her commander, was anxious to start again as soon as possible, in order to keep up the reputation for speed his vessel had already gained. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, who was to return to England by her, had therefore to make hurried preparations for departure, and there was no time to get our already written letters from the hotel on shore to send home by this mail.

Our guests having departed, and there being nothing to detain us, we decided to sail to-night, instead of waiting till to-morrow as we had originally intended doing: the first result of which determination was a general hurry and scurry of sending for washing, making last purchases, settling bills, and getting things from the Custom House. Mr. Cardwell accompanied us on board, to see us fairly off; and soon, with sincere regret at having to leave a place in which we had met so many kind friends, the anchor was weighed, all the sails were set, and exactly at the witching hour of midnight, with a fair wind, we were bound for Barbadoes and the Caribbean Sea.

Going on deck about four o'clock next morning I found, as I had expected, that Madeira was still in sight, at no great distance. As day dawned, the outline of the island, with its mountainous rocks and ravines, became more plainly visible, through a soft haze. If I had not longed, ever since I was a child, to see the glorious vegetation and beauties of the West Indies, my regret at leaving this delightful island would have been even keener than it now is. My dream was very near being realized in 1872, when we were at Halifax in the "Eothen," and Admiral Fanshawe (who then commanded the station) pressed us to accompany the fleet on their annual cruise to the West Indies, and also invited us to pay him a visit in the Bermudas. We had not sufficient confidence, however, in our somewhat crank and unmanageable craft to undertake so long a cruise in those troubled waters, and therefore reluctantly gave up the idea; contenting ourselves on that occasion—not but that it was a very pleasant trip, and one that we heartily enjoyed—with ascending the navigable rivers on the east coast of North America from the St. Lawrence and Saguenay to the Potomac and James River, leaving the yacht at Baltimore and

returning home in one of Cunarders. In 1876 another dream of my life *was* fully realized. Never, in my highest flights of fancy, had I conceived that anything on earth could exist so beautiful, or that mere existence could become such a pleasure, as in the fairy-like islands of the South Pacific. Now I hope that my second dream is about to become an actuality—to some extent at any rate; and I only trust that it may answer my expectations as completely as in the previous case.

Though not yet absolutely in the tropics, we began our old "at sea in the tropics" habits this morning by helping to scrub decks, being "hosed," and generally dabbling about. It was very pleasant; for the water was quite warm and the sun hot. Even at 7 a.m. there was no wind to speak of, and we had

Penha D'Aguia.

been becalmed nearly all night. During the afternoon, Tom spent a good deal of time at the mast-head, looking for that "true wind" which does not come quite so freely or quickly as we could wish at present. I should dearly like to "up funnel" and steam at once into the Trades, so as to be able to linger on shore when we arrive on the other side of the Atlantic; but that is not to be thought of. We must not, however, grumble; for somehow the *Sunbeam* slips along wonderfully, apparently with no wind at all; and at noon to-day we had made forty-eight knots since midnight. She looks lovely, with her big light cotton studding-sails and every possible stitch of canvas set.

The sunset was too gorgeous for even the children to resist stopping their play to look at. Anything more splendid than the piling-up of the fantastically-shaped clouds on a background

of exquisitely blended purple, orange, yellow, green and blue, it is difficult to imagine, and quite beyond my powers to describe. But it is *not* so difficult to say how much the beauty of these sunrises and sunsets enhances the pleasure of a voyage in the "Trades and Tropics," always providing, as infinitely mutable Nature does, something fresh to look forward to, some new and wondrous effect every night and every morning. Then the nights themselves. How beautiful they are, whether star-lit or moon-lit! I never know which I like best; and it would not be possible to exaggerate the charms of either. We revelled in the placid magnificence of the scene and the warmth of the atmosphere to-night, listening to the music which some of our party were kind (and energetic) enough to perform for our benefit in the cabin below. Fatigue at last overcame even the sense of enjoyment; and we retired to bed, after a long and busy day.

S. S. Armathwaite.

Friday, October 12th. — The weather was fine, with a light wind. At noon we had only run eighty miles. Later we saw a steamer, and made our number (N.T.G.F.), which she could not understand. The first letter of this signal is a square flag, which generally indicates that something is wrong on board the vessel showing it. Consequently the captain of the steamer, which proved to be the *Armathwaite*, bound for the River Platte, very kindly altered his course and came alongside to ascertain if we wanted anything.

When told our name, he appeared very much pleased, and with a look of satisfaction, said, "So that's the *Sunbeam!* Is Mr. Brassey on board? I should like to see him." Tom having made himself known, they had a short conversation; after which our friendly visitor and his crew gave us a parting cheer and went their way, evidently much gratified by the unexpected interview with the *Sunbeam* and its owner, which the kindness

and good-nature of the captain of the steamship had brought about. The *Armathwaite* was scarcely out of sight when we sighted a French steamer, and exchanged signals with her; by means of which we ascertained that she was bound for Valparaiso through the Straits of Magellan. These mid-ocean conversations are always interesting, sometimes very useful, in throwing light on the fate of missing or overdue vessels, or in saving unnecessary anxiety. In 1876 the *Sunbeam* was reported as "lost with all hands," and great concern was felt—by *some* of our friends, at all events. A few days later it was reported at Lloyds that we had spoken a Prussian barque, just four days after we were supposed to have gone to the bottom; so that all solicitude on our account was at once relieved.

Monday, October 15th.—In the afternoon the children were much delighted by being taken up the foremast in the "boatswain's chair," one by one. First, they were carefully tied to the "chair," or rather plank, their little faces looking very grave while the operation was being performed. Then they were slowly hauled up, Tom and Kindred going into the rigging to steady them, for the yacht was rolling a good deal, and from my own previous experience I should think the motion aloft must have been most unpleasant. Arrived at the foretop, they admired the scene with great satisfaction; called out to tell us with pride how small we looked standing beneath them; then descended with beaming faces, and arrived on deck in exuberant spirits.

In the evening Tom gave us an interesting lecture on the law of storms, illustrated by diagrams. The most salient points to the uninitiated appeared to be that in the Northern Hemisphere the circular storm goes round *against* the clock hands; in the Southern Hemisphere, with them. In the Northern Hemisphere, as you stand facing the gale, the centre is always eight points to the right. In the Southern Hemisphere, this rule is reversed.

Tuesday and *Wednesday* were squally and "rolly" days, and writing was a matter of extreme difficulty. We saw our first flying-fish, and hung out lanterns to catch some at night.

Thursday, October 18th.—For breakfast this morning we had some of the flying-fish caught during the night. They are pretty creatures to look at, putting one in mind of swallows, both in appearance and in their manner of flight. In taste they resemble a rather dry herring.

Although we have now been some days in the tropics, the heat is not at all excessive, and there is always a pleasant breeze. This part of our experience is very gratifying; but, on the other hand, it is somewhat disappointing not to have beheld any of the wonders of the equatorial sea, such as sharks, whales, porpoises, Portuguese men-of-war, dolphins, or any fishes with prodigious tails—or without them.

Monday, October 22nd.—After much reading of books and many consultations, Tom decided that it was rather early in the season to go to Barbadoes, at the risk of encountering tornadoes and tempests and of being caught in a hurricane; and that it would be more prudent to proceed direct to Tobago and Trinidad, which are below the latitude of these violent storms. This is somwhat disappointing, as I much wanted to see Barbadoes. We are expected there; and all our letters will be awaiting us. Still, we must hope for the best and trust that we may pick our correspondence up at Jamaica or elsewhere.

Tuesday, October 23rd.—This was by far the hottest day we have had yet. After experiencing very light airs all night, and a flat calm from four to eight a.m., we prepared steam; but before the water was warm in the boilers a breeze sprang up, and we were soon scudding merrily before it.

Wednesday, October 24th.—A real flat calm. There was so little air that the fires in the engine-room, lighted at twelve, did not burn up till three. The difference in temperature since we have been under steam is considerable; our cabin, which had been so delightfully cool, with a fresh breeze blowing through it, being now almost unbearably hot.

Thursday, October, 25th.—This was the hottest day we have had, the thermometer standing at 89° in the cabins, 125° in the galley, 166° in the engine-room. We all began to think longingly of the pleasant shades and fresh fruits of Tobago, which we hope to reach on Saturday night or Sunday morning. The island lies directly in our course for Trinidad; otherwise I do not suppose we should have thought of visiting it. The inhabitants assert that it is the real "Robinson Crusoe" Island, though I still incline to the old belief in the island of Juan Fernandez. It is rather provoking, after coming so far, to be so pressed for time (as we always are, and always shall be, I suppose, as long as Tom is in office) that we are unable to visit the various islands we pass so close to, each and all of which possess some special interest.

WINNIPEG IN 1872.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.

THE strongest impression made upon the tourist on his first visit to Winnipeg is one of amazement, that so young a city should have made such wonderful progress. Its public buildings, and many of its business blocks and private residences, exhibit a solidity and magnificence of which any city in the Dominion might be proud. The engraving facing this page gives a view of this now thriving city as it appeared in 1872, while the cut facing page 120 shows the marvellous progress made in twelve years. It is already an important railway centre, from which seven or eight railways issue; and it is evidently destined to be one of the most important distributing points for a vast extent of the most fertile country in the world.*

The broad block-paved Main Street, of Winnipeg, twice as wide as the average street in Toronto, with its bustling business and attractive stores is a genuine surprise. Its magnificent new City Hall surpasses in the elegance of its architecture any other that I know in Canada. The new Post Office is a very handsome building, and the stately Cauchon Block and Hudson Bay Company's buildings, in architecture and equipment and stock, seem to the visitor to have anticipated the possible wants of the

* The projected Hudson Bay Railway promises to revolutionize the carrying trade of the whole North-West, including Dakota and Minnesota. The distance from Port Nelson, in Hudson's Bay, to Liverpool is 2,966 geographical miles. From Montreal to Liverpool, *via* Cape Race, is 2,990 miles; or, *via* Belle Isle, is 2,787 miles. From New York to Liverpool is 3,100 miles. For 250 years the Hudson Bay Company has shipped its goods from Port Nelson, and lost, it is said, only a single ship. Hudson's Straits, it is claimed, are open from four to six months of the year, and the cooler summer temperature of this northern route is very favourable to the traffic of grain and cattle. From Winnipeg to Port Nelson is 650 miles—of this 40 miles are under contract. Both the Provincial and the Dominion Governments are giving substantial aid to the enterprise. The saving of distance from Winnipeg to Liverpool, *via* Port Nelson, over the Montreal route is 775 miles; over the New York route, 1,129 miles; over the Halifax route, 1,618 miles. From Regina the saving over the Montreal route is 1,081 miles; over the New York route, 1,435 miles; over the Halifax route, 1,929 miles.

community by a score of years. My genial host and guide, the Rev. A. Langford, took especial pride and pleasure in showing me the sights of this young prairie city. Our own Grace Church is very elegant and commodious within, but without looks like a great wholesale block. It was so constructed that when the permanent church, which our friends propose in time to erect, is built, the old one can be with ease converted into a great wholesale store.

It was with peculiar interest that I wandered over the site of the historic Fort Garry—now almost entirely obliterated. The old gateway and the old Governor's residence—a broad-eaved, solid, comfortable-looking building—and a few old store-houses, are all that remain of the historic old fort, which dominated the mid-continent, and from which issued commands which were obeyed throughout the vast regions, reaching to the Rocky Mountains and the shores of Hudson's Bay. A gentleman pointed out the scene of the dastardly murder of the patriot Scott by the rebel Riel. Around the town may be seen numerous half-breeds and Indians. Of the latter I give cuts of characteristic types. Crossing the river I visited the old church of St. Boniface, in, or near, which Riel lies buried. The church, with its gleaming spire and group of ecclesiastical buildings, is a conspicuous object for many miles. It called to my mind the fine poem by Whittier, on the "Red River Voyageur":—

Out and in the river is winding
  The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land
  And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
  With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
  Of the wild Assiniboines!

Drearily blows the north-wind
  From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
  And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
  And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
  That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
  Is it the Indian's yell,

WINNIPEG IN 1884.

That lends to the voice of the north-wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace:
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow;
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

Instead of "turrets twain," however, the present church has only one. As I approached it the funeral of a little half-breed child issued from the door—a priest in his vestments, some boys bearing candles, the sexton carrying a large cross and a few mourners bearing a little white coffin. The priest repeated a few words over the grave and sprinkled the coffin with an "aspergillum" and turned away. I followed him into the sacristry. He told me he belonged to the order of Oblates, as did most of the priests in the North-West, and gave me some late autumn flowers from his garden. I visited also the old red-roofed convent where a number of nuns carry on quite an extensive school for girls. It was the birth-day of the Lady Superior and the novices were celebrating the day by out-of-door games. It was like a scene in Normandy to see those bright-eyed French girls, in their white wimples and dark dresses, playing like children. They were blindfolded in turn and each, after turning around three times, tried with a stick to touch a bag of candies placed upon the ground. Their merry laugh seemed anything but nun-like. Even the servant-maids, who were digging in the garden the crop of potatoes, wore a

sort of conventual dress. Under the mellow autumn light it looked like a picture by Corot. One of the nuns took me through the orphanage where were gathered a number of little waifs—one from Amsterdam, two from Scotland, and others, whites and half-breeds, from far and near. They sang for me very prettily in English and French.

The Sabbath services in Grace Church were occasions of special interest. Dr. Stephenson prefaced his admirable sermon in the morning by the following appropriate remarks:

"No one," he said, "could occupy the position in which he found himself without having his imagination greatly excited and his heart very deeply stirred. A stranger from the Old World, he found himself in the gateway of a new and great land. He had come to a city which was but of yesterday, and which yet in its size and power and solidity made it difficult to believe that it was only a dozen years old; but still more, as he remembered that with his face turned toward the western sky he stood here in the gateway of a new and great region, was he profoundly impressed with the great possibilities of the future. Let any man think what was going to happen between this place and the Rocky Mountains in the next fifty years, what great villages would rise, what homesteads would be planted all over these fertile plains, what great and powerful towns, what mighty cities would be built—who could say what was going to be in the next half century? What awful wrecks there would be—wrecks of happiness and wrecks of character; and on the other hand what splendid success? What wonderful surprises and changes, kaleidoscopic in character, number and variety, in the life of these regions must take place in the next fifty years? No man could come amongst all this as a stranger and find him self in the position in which the speaker found himself without feeling himself stirred to the very depths of his nature. Other questions came up to the man who believed that the world was not ruled by chance, but that God was working out His glorious purposes in life. One thing was quite certain: boundless plains of fertile land and almost unlimited possibilities of agricultural and commercial success would not secure the greatness of any people or the happiness of any community. It was not the land but the men who lived on the land that determined whether a nation was going

Indian Medicine Man.

to be great or not ; and it was not the capacity for earning money but the power to live noble lives and do noble deeds that made men worthy to be accounted the sons of God, and fit to dwell on the land that God has made."

One of the omens of brightest augury in this new city is that the religious life in all the churches gives evidence of great activity and energy. They are composed largely of the very *èlite* of the eastern communities, whose adventurous spirit has led them to seek their fortunes in the West. Everywhere one meets the stalwart sons and fair daughters of Ontario and of the Eastern Provinces. "Few cities of its size," says a Winnipeg writer, "have such a variety of races. Here you may find Jew and Icelander, Chinaman and Mennonite, Russian and African, German, Italian, French, Spaniard, Norwegian, Dane, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, English, American, and a host of different sorts and kinds from the East." In the evening, after preaching, I looked in at a Scandinavian service, where 300 Icelanders, representing a community of 1,500 of their kinsfolk, were worshipping God in their native tongue.

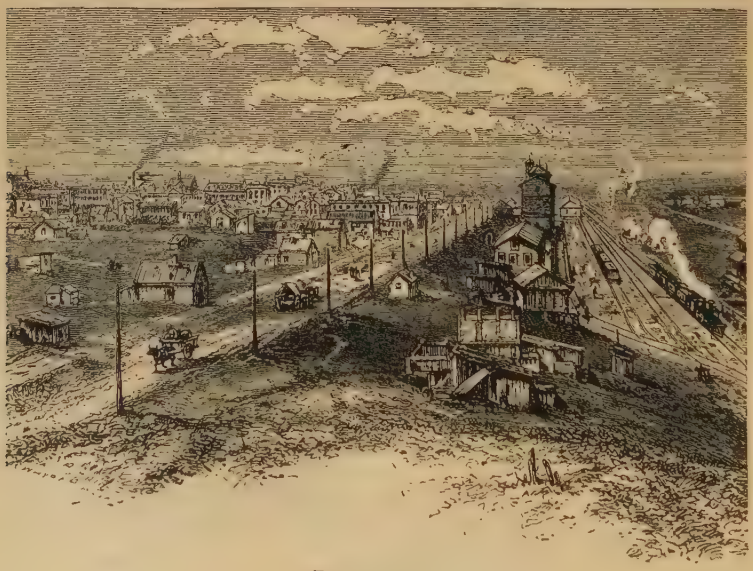
Assiniboine Indian.

The breadth of view and enlightened statesmanship of the leaders of public opinion is seen in the collegiate system of the country, with its central examining university, and its Presbyterian, Anglican and Roman Catholic teaching colleges, soon, I trust, to be reinforced by a vigorous Methodist college.

The great material element in the prosperity of this young city is the fertile prairie stretching far and wide around it on every side. The deep black loam, the vast unfenced fields, the mile-long furrows, stretching straight as an arrow in unbroken lines, the huge stacks of grain—I counted twenty in a single view near Brandon—these are the guarantees of the future prosperity of the prairie province, that no collapsed

boom can destroy. A pleasant feature in this prairie region was the fringe of poplar trees skirting the banks of the streams —all aflame in their autumnal foliage, and suggestive of blazing hearths on the long winter nights. Till the discovery of coal in the North-West, the subject of winter fuel was one of the most serious questions. But the exhaustless supplies of good coal at Lethbridge and elsewhere, have proved the solution of the problem.

There is a feeling of isolation in traversing the boundless prairie—not absolutely level, but heaving in vast undulations,



BRANDON.

like the ground swell of the sea. The settlements are widely scattered, and the settlers' wooden or sod-covered houses look so lonely under the vastness of the brooding sky and of the treeless plain.

The railway stations, however, through the province of Manitoba give evidence of life and energy. At many of them are two, three, or even four, capacious steam elevators, representing rival wheat-purchasing companies. At Carberry are, in addition, a couple of mills. Here our genial friend, the Rev. J. W. Bell, introduced me to the proprietors of several well-filled general stores. While not many houses were in sight, he said the country back from the railway had many magnificent farms.

Portage la Prairie and Brandon, situated respectively 60 and 130 miles west of Winnipeg, are evidently destined to be important centres of local distribution. Unfortunately they are now burdened with municipal debts, incurred during the "boom"; but the public buildings and schools, etc., are elements of prosperity that will long survive the collapse of the boom. Our engraving of Brandon will give a good idea of a live railway town, with its elevators, side tracks, etc. The view over the broad Qu'Appelle valley, with its winding river, is one of the finest in the North-West; comfortable farmsteads, with huge stacks of grain, greet the eye for many a mile.

As we sweep on and on, all day long and all night, and all next day and half the night, a sense of the vastness of this great prairie region—like the vastness of the sea—grows upon one with overwhelming force. The following lines of Bryant's well describe some of the associations of a first view of the prairies:—

These are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they lie
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless for ever.—Motionless?—
No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye.
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage. . . . The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills. . . .
In these plains the bison feeds no more, where once he shook
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,

Startlingly beautiful. . . . The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Bends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

Squaw, with Half-breed Papoose.

The sun went down in crimson splendour, and during the night Broadview, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Moosejaw, Swift Current, and a score of other places were passed.

Next day the general features of the landscape continued still the same. The stations, however, are farther apart, and the settlers fewer in number. In some places the station house is the only building in sight. At one such place, a couple of tourists came out on the platform as the train came to a stop.

"Which side is the town, anyhow?" said one to the other.

"The same side as the timber, of course," replied the other. The point of the joke is that not a solitary tree was to be seen on either side.

Everywhere are evidences of the former presence of the countless herds of buffalo that pastured on these plains. Their deeply marked trails—great grooves worn in the tough sod—show where they sought their favourite pastures, or salt licks, or drinking places; and their bleaching skeletons whiten the ground where they lay down and died, or, more likely, were ruthlessly slaughtered for their tongues and skins. Their

bones have been gathered near the stations in great mounds—tons and tons of them—and are shipped by the car load to the eastern cities, for the manufacture of animal charcoal for sugar refining. The utter extinction of the bison is one of the most remarkable results of the advance of civilization. Ten years ago, in their migration from south to north, they so obstructed the Missouri River, where they crossed, that steamboats were compelled to stop in mid-stream; and an eye-witness assured me he could have walked across the river on the animals' backs. Now scarce a buffalo is to be seen, except in the far valley of the Peace River, and a score of half-domesticated ones near Winnipeg.

Numerous "slews" and shallow lakes—Rush Lake, Goose Lake, Gull Lake, and many others—furnish feeding places for myriads of wild fowl. Further west there is evidence of alkali in the soil, in the glistening, snow-white and saline incrustations, where these shallow, bitter pools have dried up. The origin of these vast prairies is one of the most difficult problems of science. They have been attributed to the annual burning of the long grass, which would effectually destroy the germs or sapling stems of trees, while the toughness of the prairie soil would prevent their seeds from taking root. Dr. Winchell attributes the deep black prairie soil of Illinois to the gradual drying up of an old shallow lake. The same may have been the origin of the Red River prairie region, which has frequently, within recent times, been flooded by the overflowing river. But on the high upland prairie of the North-West this explanation fails; unless, indeed, the shallow lakes and "slews" once covered the entire region.

Indian Lad.

The presence of the Mounted Police is evidently a terror to evil-doers, especially to whiskey smugglers and horse thieves. The Police have a smart military look with their scarlet tunics, white helmets, spurred boots, and riding trousers. Their arms

are a repeating carbine and a six-shooter, with a belt of cartridges. They make a more than perfunctory search for liquor on the train; an Irish immigrant was very indignant at this interference with the liberty of the subject. A good deal of liquor was formerly smuggled in barrels of sugar and the like, and some villainous concoctions are still brought in by traders from the American frontier. It is a glorious thing that, throughout so large an area of our country, the liquor traffic is under ban. God grant that these fresh and virgin prairies may continue forever uncursed by the blight of strong drink! The granting of permits, however, I was told, gives frequent opportunities for evading the prohibition.

At many of the stations a few Indians or half-breeds may be seen, but the first place at which I observed the red man with painted face and feathers, brass ear-rings and necklace, and other savage finery, was at Maple Creek station, near Medicine Hat. He is not a very heroic figure, and the squaws look still worse. They were wrapped in dirty blankets, carrying their papooses tucked in at their backs. They had large, coarse mouths, and their heads were covered only with their straight black hair. They were selling buffalo horns, from which the rough outer surface had been chipped or filed off,—the hard black core being polished by the hand to a lustrous smoothness. They exhibited only one pair at a time, and when that was sold they would jerk another pair a little better from under their blankets. Fifty or seventy-five cents would purchase a pair selling for three or four times that price at Winnipeg.

At Medicine Hat, 640 miles from Winnipeg, we cross the South Saskatchewan by the fine bridge shown in the engraving. The country round here has a somewhat barren look, the bare clay hills being carved and scarred into steep escarpments by wind and rain. Here numerous Indian types were seen, including one industrious fellow with a cart who was selling water drawn from the river for twenty-five cents a barrel. An extensive police barracks, over which waved the Union Jack, crowned a neighboring hill, and in the valley was a camp of Indian tepees, as their skin lodges are called. Some 2,000 cattle, and as many sheep from Montana, had just been driven in, enough to freight 150 cars for the east. The Mounted Police were guarding them from cattle thieves, Indian or white. One detachment were in pursuit of a band of Peigans, who had stolen some horses.

In the river lay the steamer *Baroness*, shown in the wood-cut

MEDICINE HAT, WITH C.P.R. BRIDGE OVER THE SOUTH SASKATCHEWAN.

—a somewhat primitive working stern-wheeler with open sides. From here, at high water, is open navigation for over a thousand miles through the two Saskatchewans and Lake Winnipeg to the Red River. A branch railway leads to the famous coal mines at Lethbridge, near Fort McLeod.

SULKY PLOWS ON THE BELL FARM.

I condense from the Guide Book to the Dominion, issued by the Department of Agriculture, the following information about the North-west territories:—

The Dominion Government has formed out of this territory four provisional districts, named respectively *Assiniboia*, *Saskatchewan*, *Alberta* and *Athabasca*. The district of Assiniboia comprises an area of about 95,000 square miles, and lies immediately west of Manitoba. The Valley of the Qu'Appelle is in Assiniboia. This district has been selected for

Twenty-three Reapers at Work on the Bell Farm.

the large farming experiment known as the "Bell Farm." The experiment embraces a scheme of a wheat farm of a hundred square miles, or 64,000 acres. The harvesting is done by the self-binder, and the threshing by the powerful steam machinery of the farm.

Many towns and villages have sprung up with surprising rapidity on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in the district of Assiniboia. Among these may be mentioned Broadview, Indian Head, Qu'Appelle, Regina (the capital), Moose Jaw, Swift Current and Medicine Hat.

The district of Alberta comprises an area of about 100,000 square miles, and lies between Assiniboia and the Province of British Columbia at the base of the Rocky Mountains. A great portion of this district being immediately under the mountains, has scenery of magnificent beauty. Its cold clear streams and rich and luxuriant grasses make it a very paradise for cattle. Numerous ranches have been started, and the number of neat cattle on these was, during the summer of 1886, close on 100,000, between 30,000 and 40,000 sheep, and about 10,000 horses. Experience has already proved that with good management the cattle thrive well in the winter, the percentage of loss being much less than that estimated for when these ranches were undertaken.

With respect to those portions of these North-West plains of Canada in which alkali is found, Prof. Macoun declares that these will become the most valuable of the wheat lands as settlement progresses, the alkali being converted into a valuable fertilizer by the admixture of barn-yard manure. The professor further contends that these alkaline plains will become the great wheat fields of the American Continent long after the now fertile prairies and fields to the east shall have become exhausted.

It is not, however, only in agricultural resources that the district of Alberta is rich. There are in it the greatest extent of coal fields known in the world. Large petroleum deposits are known to exist. Immense supplies of timber are also among the riches of Alberta. These are found in such positions as to be easily workable in the valleys along the numerous streams flowing through the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains into the great Saskatchewan. It is needless to say that resources such as these in North America, now that they are pierced by the Canadian Transcontinental Railway, will not remain long without development.

Calgary is the chief town in Alberta. It is beautifully situated at the confluence of the Bow and the Elbow Rivers. It is very thriving, and already does a large business. It commands a beautiful view of the Rocky Mountains, and is undoubtedly destined to become a large city.

The district of Saskatchewan comprises about 114,000 square miles. It lies north of Manitoba. This district, owing to the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway being taken south through the districts of Assiniboia and Alberta, has of course not so rapidly settled as these. It yet, however, contains the flourishing settlements of Prince Albert, Battleford, and others. It is a region of immense resources, the two branches of the great river Saskatchewan passing through a large part of it. It has several projected railway lines, which, it is expected, will be immediately proceeded with.

The district of Athabasca comprises an area of about 122,000 square miles. It lies north of the district of Alberta. This district has also vast resources, but as yet, from its northern position, is out of the range of immediate settlement.

FATHER MATHEW AND HIS WORK.

BY THE REV. WM. M'DONAGH.

FATHER MATHEW.

IT is difficult to write an account of the life and peculiar work, which make the history of the Rev. Theobald Mathew remarkable, without regretting the influence and blasting power of a religious system which has for so many ages blighted and degraded the national life of the noble people of Ireland. Romanism has made her sons hewers of wood and drawers of water to the nations. In reading the history of the great patriots, soldiers, philanthropists, and statesmen, who from time to time have arisen among the Irish people, nothing is more apparent and surprising than the skill with which that system lays hold of the statesman's wisdom, the soldier's courage, and the charity of the philanthropist for the aggrandisement of an unscrupulous hierarchy, in order more surely to rivet firmly its spiritual despotism on the minds and hearts of the people. From all we hear or read of the history and life-work of the good and gentle Theobald Mathew, the fact referred to is most apparent. No one can read the short brochure by the Nun of Kenmare, or the larger and more elaborate memoir of his life work, by John Francis Maguire, M.P., without finding striking testimony of the truth of our statement.

In what is known as the Golden Vale, in the beautiful county of Tipperary, and within five miles of the town of Cashell, stands the noble mansion of Thomastown, where, on the 10th of October, 1790, was born Theobald Mathew. Thomastown House stands in a park of over two thousand acres in extent and was at one time the property of a family, notable in the annals of the Irish Parliament, but now extinct. The demesne is still one of great beauty. Its long avenues of beech, chestnuts, and old oaks, give it an air of great elegance. Pleasure grounds, ornamental waters, with long terraces, stretch around this grand old home of this branch of the Llandaff family. Sheriden in his Life of Swift gives us an interesting account of the builder of Thomastown House, and of the manner of life he led.

The records of the immediate ancestry of Theobald Mathew, we are informed, are scanty in the extreme. James Mathew married Ann, daughter of George Whyte, Esq., of Cappa Whyte, she being then sixteen years old. Theobald Mathew was their fourth son, and Thomastown was the place of his birth and of his early youth. His mother was a woman of great personal beauty, and her son inherited from her a good deal of his comeliness. By him she was always greatly beloved and he was her favourite child. To such an extent, we are informed, was this shown, that his brothers gave him the pet name of Miss Molly. Yet the loving influence which he gained in youth over these brothers continued on through life. He was by nature gentle and kind in heart, and in this respect differed greatly from the youth around him of his own age, and even from some of his own family. His compassion for the poor, the lame, and the blind, was marked in early youth, and his interest in the relief of the sick was shown with a quiet but cheerful disposition. In his twelfth year he seems to have been sent to a school of great repute in the town of Kilkenny, where he made considerable progress in learning and in preparation for college. His ardent love for his family, but especially for his mother, was here strikingly shown. At Easter time, without leave of the master or making known his intentions, he started on foot and walked nearly fifty miles in one day, at the close of which he threw himself into his mother's arms. She thought only of the joy of meeting her son. She hinted no reproof for his truancy, but many times in after years to the end of her life would she tell of the joy of that meeting and of that kiss.

In 1807 young Mathew passed to Maynooth College in order to study for the priesthood of the Romish Church. But happily for him, and for those to whom afterward he may have been made a blessing, he was not destined to finish his scholastic career at Maynooth. He, if continued there, would most surely have had true human love crushed out in his heart under her inhuman regulations, and devotion to Rome should have taken its place. His was a nature out of which the Romish system could not by its strictest discipline eliminate love of home and friends. Young Mathew was not long in attaching the students to himself, inviting them to his room and feasting them as he could. Such a procedure at any time, without authority, was punished by expulsion. His convivial nature in this respect attracted attention, and he was at once placed under censure. To him the offence seemed venial, and Theobald prepared to repeat it. When crossed again, in 1808, in his project, he at once and forever left the halls of Maynooth. He then joined himself to one of the lowliest and most uninfluential of the preaching friars, the order of Capuchins in the town of Kilkenny. In 1814 he was ordained a priest of that order by Dr. Murray, of Dublin, ever after his faithful friend. He thus became a preaching friar, and delivered his first sermon in his native county. From Tipperary he was removed to Kilkenny, and from there to Cork city, which was destined to be the scene of some of his special labours and of some of his most signal triumphs in the cause of temperance.

His superior and associate was the Rev. Francis Donovan. He was a rough and brusque Irishman, and not a little singular in many respects. This peculiar Irishman would give away any clothing he possessed, which could be used by poor men, and especially would part with his linen. The following incident illustrates in this respect his eccentricity of character as related of this Irish friar. He had been invited on one occasion to join a yachting party by the wealthy owner of a fine boat in which the friar had more than once enjoyed a pleasant sail, and an agreeable day:

"Mind," said the gentleman, "to be ready, Father Frank, for if we delay we shall lose the finest part of the day and have the tide against us besides."

"Oh, make yourself easy about me, I am sure to be punctual as usual," said the friar, with an air of confidence that nearly satisfied the gentleman.

"Very well, if you are not at my house by such an hour, I will call for you at your place."

The morning of sailing came, but the friar was not true to his word. So the gentleman proceeded to the house where the unpunctual priest resided. To his quick and noisy application the outer door was slightly opened by an elderly woman, after a cautious "Who is there?"

"Is the priest within?" inquired the friend. "I have been waiting for him all morning."

The old woman looked confused, but being urged, she admitted he was still in bed. "In bed," cried the gentleman, "what is the matter? Is he ill? He, such an early riser, to be in bed still, and a whole party of ladies and gentlemen waiting for him. I must see what this means," so saying he turned to the door of the priest's room and knocked sharply, crying out:

"Father Donovan, are you within? What is the matter? Are you sick?"

No answer came. Then more knocking and renewed calls. Presently the creaking of the bed announced a movement within, a turning of the key and a scrambling for the bed again before the owner of the boat could enter, but he could only see a pair of beseeching eyes peering at him from under the bed-clothes.

"What does all this mean? Are you sick? Do you know the hour? What is the matter?"

The friar plaintively replied, "I had a little disappointment, child."

"O! I hope nothing serious, Father Frank. Can I be of any service to you?"

"No, my dear, none in life, there's only one in the world can help me now, and that is Molly," said the priest.

"Molly," said the gentleman; "who is Molly, and what about Molly? What has she to do with your lying in bed to this time of the day."

"Well, my child," said the priest, "if you must have the truth, which is always the best, I must tell you. I determined to do honour to your party and appear as a gentleman ought, and in a fit of confiding simplicity I entrusted my only shirt to Molly to do up, and here I am all this blessed morning fuming and fretting my life out as she is starching and ironing for me."

Father Frank's best shirt had been given away by the priest to a penitent of his the week before. His friend supplied him with a new stock the next week. Such was the odd and not unfrequently inconsiderate Irish friar, to whom the gentle, polished and courteous Theobald Mathew became strongly attached; the one occasionally evincing a sublime disdain for the culture of social life, the other formal in his observance of the rules of polite society. Many amusing and some strange incidents are recorded in the history of the friendship and love which bound together these so strangely mated companions.

In Cork Father Mathew soon became widely known by his unwearied visitation of the poor in the plague-stricken slums of the city, especially in 1817, when a malignant fever desolated the poverty-stricken homes of the people. His fame spread abroad beyond the circle of his own Church. Many Protestant ladies and gentlemen marked his gentle humility and unostentatious charity. Becoming acquainted with the teeming populations around him, he marked the operation of the giant evils degrading and ruining them, and set about counteracting their baneful influences. His was an untiring work of benevolence. It is said that no man ever more faithfully carried out in life the truths he taught in his addresses delivered in behalf of the needy and perishing. Intense sympathy for the wicked and ungodly multitude seemed to thrill his soul with ineffable pleasure that only the good man can know. To a preacher of great pretensions, who after hearing one of Mr. Mathew's sermons, made the remark, "that it was very difficult to select subjects suited to the cultured congregations." Mr. Mathew replied, "My dear sir, preach for the poor, and your preaching will always suit the rich."

To a man of his nature it was not possible that the principal source of ignorance, crime and poverty could remain long undiscovered. As he visited the homes of the poor, the squalid drunkard excited his compassion, and the orphan children made his loving heart bleed with pity.

Among those in the early days of the temperance reform whose names are worthy to be handed down to posterity as a sacred trust stand the names of the Rev. Nicholas Dunscombe, a clergyman of the Church of England; Richard Dowden, of the Unitarian Body; and William Martin, an earnest and godly Quaker, who afterwards gloried in the title of the grandfather of the temperance cause. These men worked bravely with but

very little success for a long time. They had not gained the ear of the public and could not apparently reach its heart. Long before Theobald Mathew had the slightest idea of engaging in the temperance movement, William Martin had made up his mind that the zealous friar was, of all men, the one for this work. For upwards of ten years these men had toiled on, but their success seemed to be but trivial, a tiny rivulet forcing its way through an almost impassable obstruction. While thus impressed with the magnitude of the difficulties in their way, William Martin urged upon Mr. Mathew the duty of taking up this work and pushing it to success.

These constant appeals from the sturdy Protestant were not urged in vain, or on a selfish or an insensible heart. Seriously and solemnly, as he himself tells us, did Theobald Mathew commune with God and his own heart over the subject, and humbly did he pray in his lonely chamber for Divine light and guidance. He was now forty-seven years old, and had an extensive and profound knowledge of the Irish character. Now, he thought, is the time to do something more radical in its influence for the benefit of the poor; something to relieve their sorrows and to assuage their griefs. Is there, he asks, a real remedy in a pledge of total abstinence? Would the people be persuaded to take a pledge? Then the difficulty of inducing them to give up long-cherished customs and habits presented itself to the mind. In prayer on his knees before God he at last decided to try the experiment; and having decided he acted promptly. He entered at once on his life-work, in the great cause on which he had set his heart.

On an April morning in the year 1838, William Martin received a message from the priest, requesting a visit from him that evening at his house in Cove Street. No doubt the earnest Quaker's heart bounded with joy at the message. At the appointed moment he was at the door, and there stood his friend, Theobald Mathew, to welcome him, his countenance beaming with kindness. On that night plans were laid between the old Quaker and Capuchin priest for the organization of a Temperance Society. As the two friends parted that night, William Martin exclaimed, "Oh, Theobald Mathew, thou hast made me a happy man this night." Very soon the two friends held a temperance meeting; few attended, some sneered, others ridiculed the whole thing as fanaticism. Mr. Mathew gave his reasons for the step he had taken, then lifting his pen

to sign the pledge, he said in a loud voice, "Here goes, in the name of God, Theobald Mathew, C.C., Cove Street, No. 1." Sixty others followed.

This was the commencement of that wonderful work which made Theobald Mathew famous throughout the world. Had Mr. Mathew anticipated the labour to result from that hour's work, it might have appalled his self-sacrificing soul. In three months 25,000 persons had taken the pledge; in five months 131,000; and in less time than nine months 156,000; and before the work fell from his hand more than 2,000,000 had taken the pledge of total abstinence at his hand. In many instances the work proved short-lived. Yet with a vast number it was

TAKING THE PLEDGE.

a permanent change from drunkenness to sobriety. Had the promoters of that great movement been able then to strip the abominable traffic of the support and protection of law, many thousands more would have been saved, whose blood will yet have to be accounted for by covetous men. The movement being started, baptized in prayer, it was sure to go on. The new society formed, of which Mr. Mathew was President, soon had large accessions. At the second meeting 330 names were added to their numbers. A large hall was secured for their meetings, and in a few months over 200,000 had been enrolled. The pledge they signed read as follows:

"*I promise, with the Divine assistance, as long as I shall continue a member of the Total Abstinence Society, to abstain*

from all intoxicating drinks, except for medicine or sacramental purposes; and to prevent as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness in others."

From Cork the movement spread to the city of Limerick, and during the labours of Mr. Mathew 150,000 took the pledge as given above. At Waterford, in three days, 80,000 more took the pledge. And at Maynooth 35,000, including many of the professors and a large number of the students. Invited to England in 1843, he crossed over and despite of much and violent opposition, more than 600,000 signed the pledge. As the result in Ireland especially of the great movement, the revenue and Government executive reports from 1839 to 1846 prove, beyond the possibility of a doubt, two things, first: that national drunkenness is the chief cause of crime; and secondly, that national sobriety is one of the most influential preservatives of the morals of a people. In three years, that is, from 1839 to the end of the year 1842, the consumption of Irish spirits was reduced one-half; and though the famine, resulting from crop failure from 1845 to the end of 1847, produced a baneful effect, still the consumption of spirits did not recover the effects of his mission for many years after.

The *Freeman's Journal* for February, 1842, indicates the happy influence of the temperance movement during those years, the increase of imports for the port of Dublin alone for that year on tea and sugar being about 55,000 pounds sterling. The revenue on tobacco also decreased in proportion over 3,000 pounds sterling within that year, in the port of Dublin, showing the close connection existing between these sister evils.

Mr. Mathew made frequent allusions to the monetary injury his work inflicted on members of his own family, and the following words spoken in December, 1842, come in appropriately here, proving that, as with all true reformers of abuses, no selfish motives actuated his mind in the prosecution of God's work for the good of men:

"I do not know," he said, "but that there are distillers or brewers listening to me. I have such in my own family; one member of my family in Cashell, a distiller, who is now manufacturing as much in a week as would supply his customers for a year. That is a grand falling off from other days. I am rejoiced at this, for when the glory of God is in question, we should not mind the ties of flesh and blood."

A member of Mr. Mathew's family writes in March, 1843:

"Every teetotaler has gained morally and physically by the movement, but my immediate family has been absolutely and totally ruined by Father Mathew's temperance mission."

When a brother wrote, naturally expecting consideration, saying, "If you go on thus, you will certainly ruin our fortunes," his answer was: "Change your trade; turn your premises into factories for flour, but at all events my course is fixed. Though heaven and earth come together, we should do the right." There spoke the hero soul. During those years unstinted testimonies to the value of his work were given by the most competent witnesses, such as Lord Morpeth, then Irish Secretary; Miss Edgeworth, Dr. Channing, and ministers of various Protestant Churches. In a discourse delivered in Boston, Dr. Channing said of the work of Father Mathew, that as a leader of moral revolution, he ranked higher than the heroes and statesmen of the times, that, judging from his work, he deserved to be canonized. The Rev. Mr. Hart, a venerable Presbyterian minister, writing to Father Mathew from Swansea, says:

"Every day of my life I offer at the throne of grace my prayer for continued support to your body and soul in your Christian labour of love; for continued efficacy to be imparted to your glorious and benevolent efforts." . . . . "I rejoice most sincerely in that honour with which God has been pleased to crown you, and in the reputation so well sustained and so widely extended, which envelopes you as a white and lustrous robe of real dignity."

As might be expected his work had its comical side. At many of his festivals and temperance tea parties, as they were usually termed, many of the speeches delivered were amusing and almost baffled description. The members were induced sometimes to relate their experience and describe the misery drunkenness had entailed on them and their families. At such gatherings the people were always in good humour, and an Irish audience is peculiarly susceptible to a happy hit or flash of wit. If the speaker had nothing else to say, he was sure to be cheered as he indulged in unlimited praise of Father Mathew and his glorious work. The more flighty orators generally ransacked history, both sacred and profane, for great names which might convey their high esteem of the apostle of temperance. Moses, the Maccabees, Judith, Joshua, Julius Cæsar, the great Napoleon, all were often pressed into service. While the people applauded, Father Mathew would sit listening, his eyes beaming with benevolence and delight over the comical aspect of the whole affair.

Some of these speeches were really brilliant, and some were irresistibly droll. One of these impromptu orators Father Mathew took special pains to lead out sometimes for quaint amusement. His name was "Tim" for short. He had a peculiar Milesian squint in his eye, and a bushy red head. His speeches were always received with delight by the audience. Tim had an incorrigible way of pronouncing "*this*" "*that*," and "*the*" as if spelled "*dis*," "*dat*" and "*de*." On one occasion, after much affected modesty, Tim was induced to step forward into the narrow enclosure reserved for the speakers of the evening. Having first bowed to Father Mathew and nodded to the rest, he deliberately took two or three scratches at his red head and proceeded to deliver his address as follows:

"Yer riverence, ladies and gintlemen, de sorrow a one of me knows how to make a speech at all, so ye all must excuse me, if ye plaze; but it would be a mane ting in me to be after denyin' de goodness of God. An shure it is I was de boy dat see de two sides of de shillin'—de bad and de good. I've nothin' to boast of in de way of hoight; and dough I say it, that shouldn't say it, dere were few boys of my inches dat would bate me in hurly or football—dough dat is nider here nor dere—but small as I am, I could put a gallon of porter out of sight wid de best o' 'em; and fur whiskey why it was like mudder's milk—I'd lap it as de cats lap crame. Ov course dere aren't people standin' in the middle ov de road wid pints of porter in dere hands sayin' 'Good man will you be plazed to drink a drop dis hot day or dis cowld mornin', for wheder 'tis hot or cowld 'tis all the same, one drinks to be cowld and another drinks to be hot, and it is mighty cowld it is in de end. No, yer riverence, an' ladies an' gintlemen, little ye gets for nothin' in dis world, an' 'tis myself had such druthe upon me, dat it was just as if I swallowed a lime-burner's wig. I hadn't aise or pace so long as I wasn't turnin' the bottom of a pint or noggin to the ceilin', an' so long as I had a farden I wallowed in drink. Dere are many here dat know me an' know dat I was a good hand at earnin' money; but if one tinks of notin' but drinkin', the devil will do him no good; and if he had de Bank of Ireland to call his own, an' de banker holdin' on be a rapin' hook up in the moon, like Daniel O'Rourke, he would have de whiskey. So you see de good wife, ladies, soon hadn't a farden to bless herself wid an' de children. De craythers often wint to bed cowld an' hungry, an' me gladiatem about de town

drinkin' here an' drinkin' dere, until ye used to tink I'd bust, savin' your presence, for dere's not a one of me knows what I did wid it all—just a puncheon wid legs, yer riverence. I'm puzzled intoirely to understand why one doesn't take half nor quarter de tay dat one does of porter or punch, but if de tay we had here dis evenin' was de udder stuff, and I in de ould times, would dere be some shillelahs dis blessed night.

"Well, dis kind ov ting ov course couldn't go on without bringing me an' de poor wife an' childer to sup sorrow. I drank first my own clothes into de pawn; den I drank my wife's cloak off ov her back; den I drank her gown; den I drank de cups an' de sawcers out ov de cupboard; den I drank de plates an' all de dishes we had off de dresser; den I drank de pot an' de kittle off de fire; den I drank the bedclothes from de bed, and de bed from under us, until the Lord bless ye, dere wasn't a haporth dat didn't get into glasses an' gallons of whiskey an' dandies ov punch. Well, what brought me to my sinses, yer riverence, was de cowld flure, an' de empty stomach, an' de poor childer cryin', 'Daddy, daddy, we're hungry.' I remimber the last night of my blackguardin', dere wasn't a bit to eat or a sup to taste for de poor little tings, an' I towld dem to go to bed and to howld dere whist, and not to bodder me. 'Daddy, daddy, we're hungry,' says the biggest fellow, 'an our mudder didn't ait a bit all day, an' she gave all she had to Katy and Billy.' 'Daddy, daddy,' says the littlest of the boys, dat's Billy, 'I can't go to sleep, ise so cowld.' 'God forgive your unnateral fader,' says I, 'for its he's de purty boy entoirely wid his drinkin' an' his blackguardin'. Howlt your whist,' says I, 'an' I'll make you comfortable;' an' wid dat, save your presence, I takes my breeches, an' its no laughin' matter, I tell ye, an' I goes over to de craythers an' I sticks one of the childer into one of de legs an' anoder of de childer into de odder leg, an' I buttons de waistban' round dere necks, an' I towld dem for dere lives not so much as sneeze for de rest of de night, an' dey didn't, poor childer. By de cock crow in de mornin', Billy, who was a mighty early bird intoirely, cries out, 'Daddy, daddy,' 'What's de matter?' says I, 'I want to get up,' says he, 'Well get up,' says I, 'I can't,' says he, 'Why can't ye, ye cantankerous cub?' says I, 'Me and Tommy is buttoned up in de breeches,' says he. So up I got an' unbuttoned the craythers, an' I says to myself, ''Twas a burnin' shame dat de childer of a Christian, lave alone a haythen, shouldn't be lying in a

dacent bed ;' so off I goes to his riverence, God bless you sor, an' I takes de pledge, an' it was a crown piece your riverence slipped into de heel of my fisht. Dat set me up again in the world. Ladies and gintlemen, my story is towld, an' all I have to say is dis, dat I have lost de taste for whiskey, an' porter, an' punch too. An' now don't be standin' trates or takin' trates any more at all, at all. An' glory be to de Lord and tanks to his riverence, dere is a clane place to resave him now an' a good leg of mutton an' trimmins on de table, an' *cæd mille failtha* into de bargin. Dat is what I call two sides to de shillin'—de bad an' de good."

The reader may easily imagine the rounds of applause which Tim received, as he took his seat under the benevolent eye of Father Mathew.

Much injury was done Father Mathew's temperance influence between the years 1840 and 1845 by the adherence for a time of the great repeal leader, O'Connell, who for the furtherance of his own political objects became an ardent admirer and advocate of the great temperance reform. On Monday, 28th March, 1842, as by announcement in Dublin, O'Connell joined the great temperance procession in Cork. He was not disappointed in his expectations. A wild welcome was accorded the emancipator of his country, as the enthusiastic people regarded him. But to Father Mathew it was a painful scene, aware as he was that the presence of the great agitator foreboded no good to the cause which he had most at heart, the emancipation of his country from the baneful tyranny of drink.

The news of O'Connell's support soon spread far and wide over the land, and produced a re-action in the enthusiasm of Father Mathew's reception which greatly damaged and retarded the progress of reform.

This feeling, together with some earnest invitations which had been pressed upon him for nearly two years, led to Father Mathew's visiting Scotland. He arrived in Glasgow on August 13th, 1842, where he was received with affectionate welcome by the Scottish Temperance Union, and a banquet was given in his honour by the Scottish Temperance Association. The result of this visit was most beneficial. Not less than 12,000 people signed the pledge of total abstinence. He soon determined to visit England and prosecute his mission there. In June, 1843, he landed in England. His reception was flattering and a wonderful impetus was given to the cause of temperance.

More than 6,000 persons took the pledge of total abstinence during his brief stay in that country.

During the famine in Ireland he was most devoted in his efforts to relieve the distressed and comfort the dying. All parties united in acknowledging his indefatigable charity and earnest effort to save and relieve the people.

For some time he had received pressing invitations to visit America, and in 1849 he determined to do so. He received a hearty welcome everywhere, except in the Southern States, where his anti-slavery views aroused opposition. More than half a million of the population formed the muster-roll of his disciples. In order to accomplish this object he travelled 37,000 miles. He returned to Ireland in 1851, in infirm health. On February 1st, 1852, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy. It was feared by his friends that he would not recover sensibility, but he strangely and rapidly recovered from this attack. After trying the mild climate of Madeira for his health, he returned home to die. Even in his last moments his ruling passion was strong as ever, earnestly inviting and advising all around him to become total abstainers.

The curtain was soon to fall. While dressing one morning in 1856, he received a final shock and fell heavily to the floor. He tried to speak, but the voice which stirred the hearts and awakened the consciences of so many whom he had comforted, was soon stilled forever. He died in peace, without the slightest movement, except an expression of pain which moulded itself upon his features like the lingering shadow of a sorrow which had long brooded over his spirit. Thus passed away Theobald Mathew, on the 8th of December, 1856, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

To the candid mind, studying the life-work of this great man, two lessons seem to us to be taught: First, that moral suasion, except as a preparation and ground-work of total prohibition of the liquor traffic, will always fail of attaining the end desired by temperance reformers. Second, that mere superstitious reverence, as inculcated by priestcraft, without the morality taught by true religion, can never become a permanent basis for moral reform.

THE MINOR POETS OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D.,

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I.

METHODISM has been favoured with men whose pulpit services gave them rank among the princes of sacred oratory. It has had its poets also, who, while perhaps not reaching to the highest rank of poetic excellence, have given to the world utterances in song

> "rooted in truth,
> And flowering into beauty,"

which will live among the things appreciated by pure taste, reverent feeling, and truth-loving hearts.

The revival of religion seems to have awakened the poetic impulse. Under the inspiration of the new life, with its peace and joy as a personal possession, its nobler thought of God, and its larger hope for man, impassioned devotional poetry became a necessity, and the genius of sacred song gave expression to the many phases of religious emotion, glowing with passion, and purified by the power of divine grace. The psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs of the Church were channels for the expression of feeling, and embalmed in words the entrancing raptures that thrill the heart, when the affections all centre in God as revealed in the person of Jesus Christ. The poetry is full of Christ. All the works of nature, however manifold and expressive of wisdom and skill, are but incentives to reach after a close and personal intercourse with Him who made them all, and who alone can meet the aspirations, and satisfy and fill the love of the heart. We shall present in this and subsequent papers some examples from the minor poets of Methodism, who with consecrated talents united the charms of poesy with the beauties of holiness; oftentimes with an affluence of diction and a richness of colouring which could only come from a heart in fellowship with the Spirit, and from an understanding illumined by the truth as it is in Jesus. Strength, with fervency of feeling; simplicity, with naturalness, are the characteristics of these hymns and songs. Some of the poems are gems, and are brought to the attention of many of the readers of this MAGAZINE for the first time.

The first we name is the Rev. William Williams, the sweet singer of Wales. His lyrics are glowing, warm and impassioned: some of them scarcely inferior to those of Dr. Watts, or Charles Wesley, and will undoubtedly be used in the devotional exercises of Wales as long as the Welsh language shall endure. He was a native of Carmarthenshire, and converted through the instrumentality of Howell Harris. He gave himself to the work of the ministry, and for forty-five years he travelled through his native country, preaching and singing and gathering in the outcasts. His best known hymn, in an English dress, is that commencing with—

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.

It is a prayer for God's help, strength, and victorious deliverance in life's hours of discipline and trial, expressed in majestic language, in harmony with a firm religious trust. It is a very popular hymn with all denominations of Christians, and its place in the affections of the Church has been maintained for the last one hundred years.

Mr. Williams was also the author of another hymn, found in most Protestant hymnals, beginning—

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,

which, although written before the advent of the great missionary societies, breathes the true missionary spirit throughout. It is full of faith, hope, and anticipation, and is not surpassed in the comprehensiveness of its spirit of jubilant expectation by any missionary hymn that we know of now in use.

The force and beauty, the genius and inspiration of this celebrated hymn, is remarkably expressive even in its English dress, as in the verse—

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
From the eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

He died in 1791, and passed home with one of his own hymns of praise to Jesus on his lips.

In reading one of the early volumes of John Wesley's "Journal," we light on this note, "I set out for London with my brother and Ned Perronet." This was a remarkable trio—and

as happy as remarkable. They were three Methodist preachers, all Oxford men, all poets and singers; and one of the most popular hymns, sung everywhere by Christian assemblies at the present day, in tuneful adoration of the glorified Redeemer, was composed by this same "Ned Perronet." Edward Perronet was educated at Oxford, and was for some years in connection with the Wesleys as an itinerant minister; but taking offence at the strong adherance of Wesley to the Established Church, he became pastor of a church of Dissenters at Canterbury. He published a poem called "The Mitre," one of the most cutting satires on the Established Church that was ever written. Mr. Perronet was a man of piety and of more than ordinary ability. He possessed a lively imagination, a vast fund of wit, and uncommon poetic genius. He died in 1792, exclaiming, "Glory to God in the height of His divinity! Glory to God in the depth of His humanity! Glory to God in His all-sufficiency! Into His hands I commend my spirit." About 1785, in a volume of "Occasional verses, moral and sacred," his well-known hymn appeared. As it has been fearfully cut up and mangled, we present it as it was given by its author.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
  Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
  To crown Him Lord of all!

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
  And as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
  And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
  Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
  And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
  Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
  And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
  Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
  And crown Him Lord of all!

Hail Him ye heirs of David's line,
  Whom David Lord did call,

The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every tribe and every tongue,
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The crownèd Lord of all!

Among the great variety of characters that gathered around the Wesleys, in the early days of Methodism, was Mr. John Byrom, a native of Manchester, educated at the Merchant Taylors' School and at Cambridge; he proceeded to M.A. and became F.R.S. He is described by Mr. Wesley as "an uncommon genius, a man of the finest and strongest understanding." He was the author of the pastoral, "Collin and Phœbe," which appeared in the *Spectator*, and secured for him the patronage of Dr. Bentley, through whose interest he obtained a fellowship in his college; but for some reason he shrank from taking orders in the Church. In principle he was a non-juror and a Jacobite, which, perhaps, influenced him in his choice. He gained some notoriety as the inventor and teacher of shorthand. In a rare old volume we read that George II. gave the royal assent to an Act securing to John Byrom, M.A., the sole right of publishing, for a certain term of years, the art and method of shorthand invented by him. He was favourably inclined towards the Wesleys, and from his familiarity with the writings of the French, German, and English mystics, he was prepared to sympathise with the views of the first Methodists, yet he never united with the Society. Byrom seems to have been a sprightly, whimsical, good-natured genius, a man of cultured ease, and pious quietude of spirit. In his poem on "Careless Content," we get an insight into his character.

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see;
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;

To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet;
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccoughs from the heart.

* * * * *

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Not to his pleasure, pow'r, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive
Dame Nature, doubtless, has designed
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it, and brood it in your breast;
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am content, I do not care.

The frequent reference to Byrom in the journals and letters of the Wesleys shows the esteem in which he was held. And it is not at all unlikely that the friendship and sympathy existing between them was helpful in moulding the thought and the expression of many of our hymns. When Charles Wesley was about to publish his hymn-book, in 1739, he requested Byrom to furnish some hymns. In reply he says: "When you tell me you write, not for the critic, but for the Christian, it occurs to my mind that you might as well write for both; or, in such a manner that the critic may, by your good writing, be moved to turn Christian, rather than the Christian turn critic." Mystic though he was there is a delicate warmth of devotion and spiritual feeling in his poetry which finds its way to the heart. A hymn furnished by him at the request of Charles Wesley was inserted in the collection of 1739—and has appeared in every Methodist hymn-book published since. It is a translation of a hymn by the celebrated French mystic, Madam Bourignon, and has brought light, help and comfort to many a distressed soul. The hymn, as it appears in our Methodist Hymn-Book, has undergone some changes, whether for the better will be a matter for the taste and judgment of the reader. We give it as it flowed from the hallowed genius of Byrom, who entitled it "An Hymn to Jesus." As a hymn of consecration it has no superior:

Come, Saviour, Jesus! from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace;

Withdraw my heart from worldly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.

Lord! let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
That pants to have no other will,
But night and day to think on Thee.

Where'er Thou leadest, I'll pursue,
Through all retirements or employs;
But to the world I'll bid adieu,
And all its vain delusive joys.

That way with humble speed I'll walk,
Wherein my *Saviour's* footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I talk,
Of any other love but Thine.

To Thee my longing soul aspires;
To Thee I offer all my vows;
Keep me from false and vain desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse!

Henceforth let no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul!
Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Wealth, honour, pleasures, and what else
This short-enduring world can give,
Tempt as they will, my heart repels,
To Thee alone resolved to live.

Thee one may love, and Thee alone,
With inward peace and holy bliss;
And when Thou tak'st us for Thy own,
Oh! what a happiness is this!

Nor heaven, nor earth, do I desire,
Nor mysteries to be revealed;
'Tis love that sets my heart on fire;
Speak Thou the word, and I am healed.

All other graces I resign,
Pleas'd to receive, pleas'd to restore;
Grace is Thy *gift*, it shall be mine
The Giver only to adore.

A few fragments have been gathered which show the versatility of his gift and the strength of his piety:—

With peaceful mind thy race of duty run;
God nothing does, or suffers to be done,

But what thou wouldst thyself, if thou could see
Through all events of things as well as He.

Nor steel, nor flint alone produces fire,
Nor spark arises till they both conspire;
Nor faith alone, nor works without, is right;
Salvation rises when they both unite.

Prayer and thanksgiving is the vital breath,
That keeps the spirit of a man from death;
For prayer attracts into the living soul,
The life that fills the universal whole;
And giving thanks is breathing forth again
The praise of Him who is the life of men.

Faith, Hope and Love were questioned what they thought
Of future glory, which religion taught.
Now, Faith believed it firmly to be true,
And Hope expected so to find it too;
Love answered, smiling with a conscious glow,
Believe! Expect! I *know* it to be so.

An occasion occurred which at once tested his wit and his genius, but he was equal to it. He, with some others in Manchester, were not only non-jurors, but warm sympathizers with the Stewarts. Once, when the Pretenders' claims had threatened to result in serious strife, he flung off the following clever stanza impromptu:—

God bless the King, and bless the Faith's Defender!
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, and who is King,
Why, bless us all, that's quite another thing.

He maintained his religious character to the last, and the comfort of pleasant intercourse with the Wesleys, and thus associated, the venerable and saintly old genius reached the age of seventy-two, cheerful, calm, and resigned; his last utterances were in keeping with one of his translations from the German:

Simplicity guide me in word and in will,
Let me live, let me die, in simplicity still;
Of an epitaph made me, let this be the whole—
Here lies a true child that was simple of soul.
Jesu! now I fix my heart,
Prince of Life and Source of Bliss;
Never from Thee to depart,
Till Thy love shall grant me this.
Then, then, shall my heart all its faculties raise,
Both here and hereafter, to sing to Thy praise;

Oh, joyful! my Saviour says, so let it be;
Amen, to my soul—Hallelujah! to Thee.

Among the members of the "Holy Club" which met at the chambers of one of the Fellows of Lincoln College, was the philosophic and dreamy John Gambold. He was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and at the age of fifteen went to the University of Oxford, where, by his diligent devotion to reading and study, he secured an eminent position. The death of his father so affected him that he at once abandoned poetry and plays, lost his liveliness of disposition, and turned his attention to religion, and while yet in his teens became one of the Methodists. The painful experience through which he passed was doubtless the inspiration under which he wrote:—

In nature's ebbs, which lay the soul in chains,
Beneath weak nerves and ill-sufficing veins,
Who can support bare being, unendow'd
With gust voluptuous, or reflection proud?
No more bright images the brain commands,—
No great design the glowing heart expands,—
No longer shines the animated face,—
Motion and speech forget their conscious grace.
How can the brave, the witty, and the gay
Survive, when mirth, wit, courage die away?
None but the Christian's all-comprising power
Subdues each chance, and lives through every hour:
Watchful he suffers all, and feels within
All smart proportion'd to some root of sin;
He strikes each error with his Maker's rod,
And, by self-knowledge, penetrates to God.

He was ordained in 1733, and obtained the living of Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, which he resigned in 1742, and joined the Moravians, and was consecrated bishop of that Church in 1754. He was distinguished for fervour of devotion, humility of mind, disinterestedness of spirit, a disposition to universal benevolence, and, like the Wesleys, a willingness to undertake any labour, or submit to any privation, in order to promote the glory of God and the spiritual welfare of men. His poetic genius kept step with early Methodism, though he might, at first, have been tainted with the religious lusciousness of early Moravianism.

His genius and cast of mind is seen in his poem on the "Mystery of Life," in which he sings—

So many tender joys and woes
Have in my quivering soul had power;

Plain life with heightening passion rose,
The boast or burden of their hour:
O what is all we feel? Why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head.

So many human souls divine,
Some at one interview displayed,
Some oft and freely mixed with mine,
In lasting bonds my heart have laid:
O what is friendship? Why imprest
On my weak, wretched, dying breast.

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love:
O what is virtue? Why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high.

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills
This frame, and waft me to the dead;
O what is death? 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more.
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouch'd again;
Where in their bright results shall rise,
Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs and joys.

While Gambold was halting between Methodism and Moravianism, he wrote a drama, "The Martyrdom of Ignatius; a Tragedy." It was not published until after his death, and may be taken as an exposition of his views at that time. He was one with the Wesleys in maintaining the principle of Salvation by faith in Christ alone. As a drama, it is defective; but it is a thoughtful poem and deserves attention. Take the following extracts—all bearing upon faith in Christ and its results:

This is the sum, my brethren! Christ is all:
If e'er we lean to other things we fall.
Spirit, and rites, and reason too, are good,
If planted and if glorying in His blood.
Faith is so simple, whence all good doth spring,
Mankind can't think it is so great a thing;
Still o'er this pearl steps their ambitious pride,
Pursuing gladly any form beside.

Come hither, ye, whom from an evil world
The name of Jesus draws! You count Him sweet,

And great, and mighty, by that glim'ring light
Your novice minds have gained. You venerate
That full acquaintance, and that vital union
Whereby the faithful know Him; and to this
You now aspire. But can you then let go
Your manly wisdom, and become as babes,
To learn new maxims and the mind of Christ?
Can you forsake your former ease and sunshine,
To associate with a poor afflicted people,
The scorn of all mankind? Can you the weight
Of your whole souls, with all your hopes of God,
Rest on a long past action; and that, such
As your Lord's mystic, but opprobious death?

Then referring to the operation of faith, he says:—

That for the passions, which by turns inspire
The worthless life of nature,—anger, sloth,
And avarice, and pride—pure love prevails,
Kindled by heaven, nor by a bad world quenched;
—— They have inwardly exchanged their climate,
And passed from death to life;——
—— not a dart can reach
Their citadel of peace in Jesus' blood.

But still to every want they feel as men,—
To every priestly, charitable prayer
They breathe as saints of God, His ear and power
Are nigh; till, thus, by constant use and proof
Of aid celestial, heaven is, more than earth,
Their home, the country of their heart and commerce.

One of Gambold's hymns found a place in the hymn-book of 1739, and has held a place in a great many hymnals since. It was a great favourite with the Rev. Rowland Hill—and fifty years ago was heard in many a class-meeting and love-feast. We give it as we find it in an old book, and as the author wrote it:—

O tell me no more
Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found,
Where true joys abound,
To dwell, I'm determined, on that happy ground.

The souls that believe
In Paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay;
He calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

No mortal doth know
What He can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort—go after Him, go;
Lo, onward I move,
And but Christ above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

Great spoils I shall win
From death, hell and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
Perhaps for His name,
Poor dust that I am,
Some work I shall finish with glad, loving aim.

I still (which is best)
Shall on His dear breast,
As at the beginning, find pardon and rest.
And when I'm to die,
"Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

But this I do find,
We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.
Lo, this is the race
I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

And now I'm in care
My neighbours may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why,
And death will you lie,
While one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

Gambold died in London, in 1771, in the sixty-first year of his age. As he had lived so he died; his last words were:—"Dear Saviour! remember my poor name, and come, come soon!" Like Wesley, Gambold wrote an epitaph of himself, with which we close this notice:

Ask not who ended here his span?
His name, reproach, and praise, was—man.
Did no great deeds adorn his course?
No deed of his, but show'd him worse!
One thing was great, which God supplied,
He suffered human life,—and died.
What points of knowledge did he gain?
That life is sacred all,—and vain;
Sacred, how high? and vain, how low?
He knew not here, but died to know.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, B.A.

About twenty miles from the western boundary of Massachusetts, and as far from the northern limit of the same State, the small village of Cummington has, for more than a hundred years, dragged its slumbering existence along, unconscious that anything of importance to the world was transpiring within its quiet borders, and claiming little more than its name, and the usual burden of village gossip. At the present time it numbers a few more than a thousand people in its undemonstrative population.

Between ninety-two and ninety-three years ago, the only illustrious event in the annals of this obscure spot transpired; and this, more than anything else, will cause men to seek out the name and location of the place on the map of the world. This event was the birth of a son in the family of the most distinguished man of the place. This local notable was a medical doctor, the grandson of one Stephen Bryant, who came over in the *Mayflower*. He was well known in all the country round about. He had travelled farther than most men in those days; and beyond even the enlightened men of his class and profession, he was of a studious disposition, and was a sincere lover of learning for its own sake. Of this intelligent country doctor we know no more than what has been now stated; and, in addition, the fact that he gave the name William Cullen to the boy who came to make more bright the sombre skies of that dull 3rd of November morning in the year 1794.

But Doctor Bryant was far from knowing or dreaming what those three words—William Cullen Bryant—would come to mean to all who love the higher class of English literature, the world over. I always look upon a baby with mingled feelings of pity and reverence. Pity for all the pangs it shall suffer in getting into the ways of this world; and reverence for the unknown possibilities of power locked up in its little being, and for the blind astonishment with which its future achievements may strike the world.

However, the Doctor watched the dawning intelligence of his boy, like the opening of a flower, and guided it into the highest paths.

At sixteen years of age he entered Williams' College, where he excelled in the study of language and literature. He did not complete the college curriculum, but at the end of two years, probably from the want of means, as no other cause is assigned, he left college and entered upon the study of law, and at the age of twenty-one was admitted to the bar. But he seems not at that time to have been animated with either a towering ambition to succeed in the conflicts of this world's business affairs, nor with an all-supporting confidence in his own prospects as a lawyer, for he settled down to the regular work of the legal profession in a village of one hundred or two hundred inhabitants, about ten miles from the place of his birth. Afterwards he removed to a country town of two or three thousand. This was Great Barrington, in the south-west of his native State. But though the field he chose was certainly a limited one, still he attracted much attention, and was known as a power not only in the local courts, but he even gained something of a reputation in the higher courts of his State.

But he evidently was not made for the practice of law, and even during these years of office bondage he probably spread more ink over literary articles than over briefs, and, after ten years of wrangling in the courts, when he was about thirty-one, the author had become stronger than the lawyer, and so quiet and obscure a place as Great Barrington was far too small to hold him, so the poet shuffled off the lawyer, and left him to be forever buried in the obscurity of the country town, while the rising star moved toward the south, to blaze henceforth amid the splendours of the great metropolis of New York. After this change his whole exterior life is summed up in the statement that he was in turn the successful editor of several weekly, monthly, and annual publications. To one of these newspapers —the *Evening Post*—he gave an entirely new character. It had always indulged what, under Republican institutions, would be regarded as a most vicious tendency to one man power in the State, and Bryant made it an out and out Democratic, free-trade, and equal rights' journal. In this he gave promise of the side he would take in every great struggle for advancing liberty.

There is nothing more to say of that public life of his which touched the political and business aspects of the nation and the world. All in him which, aside from literature, would enter into history, has been now told.

It only remains to answer the question, "Why does the world care to hear or know anything of the name Bryant?" Under this question let us look at this man and his character, as he stood at the height of his fame and influence, a living man, and a power among the living.

We see in his person a gentleman of slight, but symmetrical form, with a peculiarly firm and erect carriage, bearing a large and well-shaped head. You notice in the hair and beard the wild, flowing appearance which is sometimes regarded as inseparably associated with the true genius of poetry, which ripened with years into the crown of the genuine patriarch. In external form he fully justified the artist's ideal of a poet; but some, as Whittier for example, who give the best evidence of possessing the deepest poetic feeling and insight, are wholly wanting in these outward peculiarities. In his manners there was much dignity and some reserve, yet great simplicity. His natural diffidence led him not to court society, yet he was free from the shyness which avoids it. Those who had access to him felt that his exceptional amiability gave a peculiar attractiveness to all his intercourse with others. His whole life, extending over between eighty-three and eighty-four years, passed away without any stain or reproach being cast upon his personal integrity and purity.

When we come to review the work which causes the world still to feel an interest in this personage, we find, to begin with, that he was no mean orator. He was a favourite at services commemorative of the lives and works of eminent deceased men. His last appearance in public, and only a few days before his death, was on the occasion of the unveiling of a statue of Mazzini, in Central Park, New York, when he delivered the oration of the day. But such efforts, however brilliant and pleasing, are never the basis of an enduring and world-wide fame. Their effect is at best but local and temporary.

Though many of his greatest admirers may be ignorant of the fact, he was also a writer of elegant prose, over a wide range of subjects. He championed most of the great national reforms which have marched to a successful issue. But editorial writing in political newspapers and magazines rarely makes for a man more than a national reputation, and even that is not likely to run much beyond the writer's own lifetime. In this respect Bryant is no exception. Though his fruitful pen produced enough, in excellent style, of this kind of writing to fill

many volumes, yet if he had done nothing else he would be remembered to-day by but a very small circle. His published volumes of prose were chiefly sketches of travel, which appeared first as letters from him to the paper of which he was editor, during two extensive tours made in foreign lands. If they were never mentioned again his fame would not be impaired.

We advance then to the chief fact which explains the world's continued interest in him, and that is, that he was a great poet. But for this his name would now be well-nigh lost from the memory of men. Unlike some literary gentlemen of the United States—Lowell, for example—his editorial life did not project him into the political arena so as to win for him an appointment as ambassador to some foreign court. No such circumstance contributed to the world's knowledge of him, yet he is almost as well known on the other side of the Atlantic as on this. That fame rests entirely on his poetry.

He was born a poet if ever any one was. Before he was ten years old, guided by his father's excellent taste, he wrote verses which were published in the country newspapers, and admired by a circle including more than his own acquaintances. When not yet fourteen his friends caused two pieces written by him to be published in a small volume, and it sold so rapidly that in less than a year a second edition was called for and published. Copies of these poems are now rare, as they dealt with subjects of merely temporary interest. One was called the "Embargo," and was a political satire. Its value was doubtless enhanced by its aptness to the circumstances of the time. The facts were these: England and France were engaged in war. The United States, as a neutral power, was deriving great benefit from her commerce with both nations. England declared every port of France under blockade. This shut the United States ships out of all French ports, unless they were willing to take the great risks of blockade runners. Napoleon retaliated by his famous "Berlin decree," declaring every British port under blockade. Then followed, after further aggravation, his "Milan decree," forbidding all commerce with any of England's colonies. The effect of all this was the almost total annihilation of American commerce. Accordingly, to make these nations feel the value of American neutrality, and the need of her commerce, an act of Congress was passed, laying an embargo on all American ships, actually prohibiting them from leaving port. Jefferson was President

at the time, and, whether he deserved it or not, he got the credit of this brilliant piece of legislation. It can easily be imagined that such a course would utterly fail to accomplish what it was designed to do, and after fourteen months this act was abolished; but while it remained in force it was the subject of constant ridicule, the people in every possible way expressing their contempt for it, spelling the word backward, and calling it the *O grab me* act. Bryant, a boy of fourteen, joined in the ridicule, and the fact that his satire attracted so much attention indicates the precocity of his powers in grasping public events with an intelligence rare for his age. His poetic writings, as now published, contain no example of humorous or satiric work. He probably dropped all taste for this style with his boyhood.

But all the work of his youth even was not of this kind. No one of his poems is destined to a longer life than Thanotopsis. He was not nineteen when it was first published.

Born a poet, he has laid a reasonably large volume of poetical compositions upon the world's heart as his demand for an enduring fame. What is there in this volume to justify his claim?

Now this study differs much from the study of any other American poet. Longfellow literally enfolds you in the wealth of beautiful images which his affluent imagination brings before your mind, while he touches you with the heart which you feel throbbing under his lines. When you read Whittier you easily trace the inspiration of his genius to his intense hatred of slavery, and of religious persecution. The first was a fire refreshed by the facts of every day, the other was a burning memory of what his own people, the Quakers, had suffered in New England, during the days when to be a Quaker was to be exposed to the danger of being tied to the cart-tail, and flogged through the streets. Reading the Quaker poet you seem to see into the depths of a heart that loved humanity with almost Christ-like intensity.

But we do not find that any similar inspiration set the genius of Bryant aflame. His poems touch the question of slavery. You feel the stroke of his thought on this subject often where you would least expect it. Under such titles as "The Planting of the Apple Tree," and "The Return of the Birds," you strike a few withering lines on slavery. In a piece on "The Death of Lincoln" he dismisses the martyr-President with the high tribute:

"Thy task is done, the bond are free:
We bear thee to an honoured grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.
Pure was thy life, its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right."

Very fine, indeed, but thoroughly self-possessed. No ecstasy of burning, passionate hatred, that would have made its way through mountains and seas to gain its object. In "The Death of Slavery," written, like the last, after the war was over, and the slave was legally free, there are a few strong lines, but nothing to indicate that the writer might not have lived a happy life in the artistic delight of his work, even if the negro were in bondage upon the cotton-fields of Louisiana until this day. He lived through the whole of the interesting historic period during which slavery grew strong and overtopped itself, and perished in the attempt to become universal over the nation; but the sense of its wrongs never burned into his soul as into Whittier's, constraining him to indict those wrongs in words of fire, and if need be to lay down his life to remove them.

Nor yet do we find his genius fired by any religious enthusiasm. His poems are religious. There is not a word that is irreverent, not a figure that is profane, not an allusion or suggestion that is low. In this he is a striking example to the sensational school of poets, including such figures as Swinburne, and poor little Oscar Wilde, who think that poetry holds a license to pour out filth. Bryant's poetry is as pure as the English Prayer Book. His simple and beautiful recognition of God in such poems as that addressed "To a Water-Fowl," and 'The Crowded Street," cannot but touch the heart of any good man. Yet it comes in incidentally, and somewhat formally, and not like an up-gushing thought when one is so full of a particular theme that he can think of nothing else. He wrote a number of hymns, but they are rather didactic expositions than words pouring out from the warmth and fulness of a heart overflowing with a sense of love to Christ, and His love to us. Of course we do not expect a poet's works to be a compendium of theology, and nothing could be more unjust than to estimate an author's religious feeling by what happens to be absent from his poetical compositions; still, if a man is filled with any strong passion it will appear, in spite of himself, in what he writes.

This was true of Bryant, but he found no passionate delight in any phase of human life. Not even patriotism, which sets off the average citizen of the great republic at short notice, ever betrays him from his uniform, dignified self-possession.

In no sense of the word can it be said that he is made great by his themes. Some are unattractive. He has, for example, a number of poems on death. Many are even trivial, and no poet except one of his peculiar tastes would think of writing upon them. But the execution is never commonplace.

We have remaining just two things which make these poems worthy of all the admiration they have received.

The first is a passionate love of nature. On this line he does enkindle into an ecstasy. He can hardly take hold of any little theme without surrounding and embellishing it with the rapturous praises of nature's unfading loveliness. In life the man disliked trains and stage coaches, but loved to walk abroad so that independently he might go and come at his will, and wander, without any note of time, wherever nature had built up scenes grand and stupendous toward cloud and sky, or spread quiet beauties at the feet of him who will look as he walks. There is more of sky and stars, and breeze and sunshine, and groves and rills in his poems than in any writings known to us, not excepting Wordsworth. You can scarcely open the book at random without coming upon this enthusiastic admiration of nature. From being a passion this love of nature grew into a leading principle with him. It seems that at one time he determined to break away from his thraldom to the muses. He indicates as much in the song, "I Broke the Spell that Held Me Long," but he goes on—

> "Ah, thoughtless! how could I forget
> Its causes were around me yet?
> For wheresoe'er I looked, the while,
> Was nature's everlasting smile.
> Still came and lingered on my sight
> Of flowers and streams the bloom and light,
> And glory of the stars and sun,—
> And these and poetry are one.
> They, ere the world had held me long,
> Recalled me to the love of song."

The other strong trait is his love of the art of poetry. Judged by his later writings, he is undoubtedly the most classically finished poet of America. No passion ever causes him, like

Whittier, to break through and cast aside all the rules of poetic art. Neither freedom, nor patriotism, nor religion, is ever allowed to obscure to his eye the ideal. Many a warm throb of feeling is sacrificed to artistic perfection. As models of chaste and finished poetry the English language has nothing better than some of his.

With most readers of poetry he will not be loved as Whittier, nor quoted as Lowell, nor sought after as Longfellow, but for characteristic examples of the high art of poetry he ought to be more valued than they all.

His life began less than ten years after his loved nation was born, and he lived more than ten years after its regeneration in the great struggle for the freedom of the slave. He desired to sink into his final rest when June's affluence had clothed the earth he loved so much with its utmost luxuriance. In this he was gratified. His eye closed at last on the twelfth day of June, 1878.

HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on
By paths we do not know;
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Though storms of darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sin, or sorrow and o'erclouded days,
We know His will is done,
And still He leads us on.

And He at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life—
After the dreariness and aching pain—
The wayward struggles, which have proved in vain—
After our toils are past—
Will give us rest at last.

THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

II.

SALOME went first to the kitchen. The cook was busy with her pastry, the housemaid ironing laces. To the latter she said, "Lydia, I am going to my own room; do not disturb me for anyone. I have a headache."

But she did not go to her own room. She went to a guest chamber which was very rarely used. When she unlocked the door, a young man rose from the sofa, and said, fretfully, "How long you have been! When are you going to get me out of this place, Salome?" It was Salome's brother—body and soul he was Salome's complement.

"Dear Richard, what can I do? Father has just been here. It was dreadful, the way he spoke. I wonder if he will go to John!"

"Sixteen pounds is such a bagatelle! When I have paid my expenses to Liverpool, and my passage, I shall not have a shilling left.

"Could you bear a less expensive passage, dear?"

"How can you ask me such a question? I care little for personal comforts, but the association with paupers, the frowsy women and squalling children! No, Salome! I should fling myself overboard. I ought to have fifty pounds at least. Can't you get it out of the cotton-spinner?"

"The last fifty pounds I got on the plea that I wanted a new wrap. The wrap is not got, and the money is gone."

"Don't throw things up at me, Salome. It is not like you to be mean. Get me fifty pounds, and I promise you to go to New York, and start a fresh life. It is my last hope, sister, and it is in your hands. I have not a friend left but you, Salome; don't desert me, darling." He was sitting beside her, and exercising over her the same subtle, compelling power she herself exercised over others. "Do you know where he keeps his money?"

"Yes. He keeps it in the desk in our room."

"Open it for me—or lend me the key."

"What are you talking about, Richard? It would be theft in you. I don't think it would be a felony for a wife to take her husband's money—only, John has been so generous to me, such a good son to father and mother—if he had not, father could hardly have paid Levy's bill, and you would have been in prison."

"What is the use of talking about the past? It is Thursday now. If I had thirty-five pounds more, I would slip away to-night, get to Liverpool to-morrow, and sail on Saturday morning. You might get it for me, Salome. You can manage your husband easily when I am away. I don't believe you love me since you married this big, hymn-singing, cotton-spinning Yorkshire man! Once you would have done anything I asked you to do for me."

"I will do anything for you yet, Richard. I will risk my home, my good name, and John's love, for you. I can do no more."

"You are the best sister that ever lived; and if any one is unkind to you come to me; I will stand by you to my last breath."

"I must stay by my husband, Richard. I have a very good husband. It is not fair to deceive or rob him, if I could help it."

"But you cannot help it. I was your brother long before he was your husband. My claim on your love is before his."

"Suppose I ask him for what you need?"

"Suppose you ruin me. I don't want to see him at all. If father has told him about the sixteen pounds, he is just one of those very righteous men who would give me good advice and then hand me over to the officer."

Then Salome left him a few minutes, and when she returned she gave him four ten-pound notes. "Why, you are better than good, Salome? This is an extra five pounds for little comforts?" and he stuffed them as carelessly into his worn pocket-book as if they did not represent sorrow and shame, and broken vows, and wronged affection.

Alone in her room she tried to face the circumstances in which she had placed herself. Two ways were open to her—to brave out what she had done, and defend it; or deny it positively. If she had only a certainty as to whether John was unacquainted with her father's loss, she would have no hesitation as to her course, but there was just this uncertainty to control her. Of one thing, however, she was positive—her personal influence—and that she prepared herself to triumphantly exercise.

In the meantime John had a day of distracting uncertainty. His first impulse had been to go to his wife and tax her with her sin; but he had business to attend to which involved many interests beside his own. Duty compelled him to stay at the mill till afternoon, and by that time he was able to look at the affair more calmly.

"It will be a very good way to be sure of things before I say a word to such a fiery bit of womankind as Salome. Her father might be mistaken; and if he was not—well, there is

many a thing a sister will do for a brother! I'll say nothing at all till I have talked it over again with him to-night. There are not many things the devil likes better than to see a man go about a bit of business in a hurry."

It was easy for John to keep this resolution when Salome met him with her sweetest smiles and endearments. The parlour, with its blazing fire, prettily set table, and beautiful mistress, was a spot into which it seemed such a pity to bring discord. John had no desire to do so, and Salome very soon lost all fear of trouble, for that night, at least; and if Richard got away, she was quite prepared afterwards to fight his and her own battle.

"It is my class-meeting, Salome, to-night," said John, "and I am a bit loth to leave my wife and my fireside."

"Don't go, John." She could hardly hide the anxiety in her voice, even its caressing; and yet she knew that to ask John to neglect a duty was the surest way to make him perform it. For the passive reluctance then became to him an active temptation, and a real fight with Satan. So he answered:

"Nay, nay, my dear lass, I am none going to giving the devil that bit of news to tell against me. Besides, I promised to see father on some chapel business; so, thou sees, I am bound to go."

An almost imperceptible shadow crept over his face, and he rose at once and went to his room to prepare for his purpose. Generally, before his class, he spent half an hour alone in this duty, and Salome was not at all uneasy. "He would be fully occupied with spiritual meditation, and his money affairs would never be thought of." Ordinarily Salome's surmise would have been a correct one; but this night John went at once to his money drawer. He intended to get the sixteen pounds, and take it to Mr. Fletcher before going to his class.

There were twelve loose sovereigns in the drawer, and a roll of bank notes. There should have been ten notes; there were only six. He detected the change in the bulk at once, then he counted them—counted them over and over again. They dropped from his hands at last, and he stood before his rifled desk, astounded.

Salome! The thought struck the blood into his cheeks like a blow. Then all the waves and the billows of outraged love went over him. Dazed and shocked, he walked slowly to his door and locked it. For a few moments he stood still in the middle of the room, and tried to think. He could not. Then he fell upon his knees, and stretched out his arms into the abyss for something mightier than flesh and blood to lean upon.

The world takes readily the idea of woman in sorrow flinging herself at the feet of the Pitiful One. But, though it is not as familiar with the picture, men perhaps do it more frequently. John knew of no human heart stronger than his own to go to,

but he knew who, in sorrow, had promised to meet him, and commune with him, "from above the mercy seat." Into that mysterious communing who may presume to inquire? Salome, wondering at his delay, came to the door, and heard the solemn mutterings of a soul in some extremity. A great fear stilled her voice and footsteps, and she crept quietly down stairs again. Presently John arose from his knees and washed his face. There was a wonderful silence in the room, and a great calm in his soul.

> "It was not quiet, it was not ease,
> But something deeper far than these"—

that peace within the soul, that restful life beneath all other life, which God gives to His beloved when they seek His face with all their heart.

He put the money he wanted in his pocket, and went down stairs. The parlour door was open, and he saw Salome, with her hands clasped above her head, softly pacing to and fro in its light and warmth. The attitude, whether accidental or selected, was one revealing all her personal fascinations. The white laces fell away backward from her white arms, over the black silk she wore, and a gleam of gold, and a glow of scarlet ribbons, relieved the sombre richness of her trailing robe. But at this hour Salome's beauty did not touch John. He had been pleading for her soul. She went to him, and put her hands upon his shoulders, and lifted her face for a good-by kiss. She wondered at the look in his eyes, at his pathos and silence and solemnity, but she never suspected that he had discovered her treachery to him.

"John had been praying"—that accounted to her for his strange manner. No one knew better than Salome did the look of men who came out from the presence of God when their prayer had been immediate and real. It was quite natural to see it on her father's face; but why should John pray in that way? She stood before the fire thinking of it, and never had she been as near loving her husband as he deserved to be loved as at that hour.

"When Richard has gone I will go to him and tell him what I have done;" and with the thought she went to her brother. Richard said he was hungry, and as John would be more than two hours away, there was no reason why he should not eat before he left. Yet some management was necessary. The cook was sitting with her lover by the kitchen fireside, and not likely to feel any interest beyond it. She sent the housemaid with a note to Mrs. Fletcher, and told her to spend an hour with her own friends. Then she filled a tray with every good thing she could find, and carried it to Richard. For him she was capable of a real generosity. At this last hour she put

away every memory of what she had done for him, and all fear of its consequences. She would only talk of pleasant things, and of a hopeful future.

While she was thus occupying herself, John went direct to Mr. Fletcher. He told him in a few words what had happened. He said nothing unkind of Salome, not one word of his own struggle. But the preacher looked in his face, and understood all.

"John," he said, "go back home at once. I will meet your class. Richard is, without doubt, hid in your house. You must make him restore the money. If he gets away with it, he will make a mock of the sin; it will bring him only shame and grief; it will be an everlasting reproach to Salome. Tell him to come to me once more. He has not yet wearied out my love. His mother's love is as fresh as ever. Tell him we will wait here until midnight for him. Oh, John! go quickly, I entreat you, lest you miss him."

In obedience to the anxious will of the preacher, John returned home at once. He suspected the room in which Richard would most likely be secreted—a large chamber over a parlour that was very seldom used. When he was out at night it was customary for the main entrance to be locked, and for John to enter by the kitchen. He did so at this time. The cook and her lover were still sitting together, and he said "good-night" to them as he passed through the kitchen.

The parlour in which he had left Salome was empty, but the round of beef and the loaf from which she had cut Richard's supper were on the sideboard. He noticed them at once, and the way in which he bit his underlip showed the effort he was making to control his passion. Before he reached the suspected door, a thread of light from under it confirmed his doubts. He walked straight to it, and it did not enter his mind to walk stealthily. Salome and Richard heard him coming, and when he opened the door they stood together. Salome's hand was in Richard's hand, but she had put herself slightly before him. The position was an unconscious one, but it spoke to John more powerfully than any words could have done.

The young man was singularly like his sister as they stood together, and both looked at John directly, and in the same fearless way. He had clenched his right hand coming up stairs, and the natural man had felt what a joy it would be to smite his enemy to the ground. But as he looked at the pair, he could no more have struck Richard than he could have struck Salome. She kept her eyes upon her husband, and clasped her brother's hand tighter, but she did not speak. The silence, though lasting but a minute, became intolerably painful. John broke it.

"Salome, thou should have told me that thy brother was here. Richard, thou should have come to me."

Then Salome sat down and began to cry, and Richard answered, "I should, sir. I have behaved badly, I know I have."

"Thou hast done more than that; thou hast made thy sister behave badly. But come down stairs, and we will see how we can make wrong come the nearest to right."

It pained John to see that even then Salome kept close to her brother. Her whole attitude seemed to say, "I stand with him. I wish to share his blame." Sitting close together, their beauty, their affection, and their remarkable likeness to each other were very apparent. They were both much younger than John; he looked at them with almost a father's tenderness.

"Richard, tell me plainly what thou wants. Only speak the truth, and I will help thee as far as ever I can."

"I want to go to New York. I want about fifty pounds to take me there."

"Hast thou done anything that fears thee? Why art thou hiding thyself away, and stealing off like some blackguard?"

"I am in debt, and I am afraid of my creditors stopping me, that is all?"

"How much dost thou owe?"

"About a hundred pounds, but I might as well owe a thousand; I could pay one as easily as the other."

"Just make me a note of the items, while Salome gets me a cup of tea."

Salome rose and busied herself about the table. Richard silently figured up his debts. John sat looking into the fire. Of course the amount was over a hundred pounds; indeed, it was nearly a hundred and fifty. John read the list over, and asked, "Is this all?"

"Every penny."

"Very well, then; I'll pay every penny. Now, then, Richard, we will cast the past behind us for ever, and, while we drink a cup of tea, we will talk over thy plans for the future. What wilt thou do in America?"

"I am a good surgeon. I will practise my profession."

"How much money wilt thou need to give thee a fair start?"

"I am willing to go with fifty pounds, sir."

"I'll tell thee what—thou take back thy father's sixteen pounds, and I'll lend thee one hundred and fifty pounds more. Thou can pay me everything when thou art able to. I think I can trust thee."

"I am afraid to go to father."

"Thou need not be. He is waiting for thee now. Thy mother is waiting too. Come, Richard, my lad, and we will go and send them to sleep happy." As he spoke he rose, and, without more words, the two men went down the fell together. At the

preacher's gate, John said: "I will wait here for thee. Go thy ways inside. There is plenty of love to meet thee."

For a full hour John walked up and down, then the young man joined him. He was subdued and silent, and had evidently been weeping. Little was said until they reached home again. In the meantime Salome had been weeping also. When John entered the parlour, she went directly to him, and it was not hard to make her confession, with his tender eyes beaming forgiveness on her even before she asked it.

Then all constraint vanished. They gathered round the fire, and talked over Richard's future until the young man was full of hope. There was now no need for him to leave until the morning, and no one seemed inclined to break up this last evening together. Richard Fletcher was as fascinating as his sister. He talked well. He had subtle little arts of flattery that no one suspected; and he won John's heart by his likeness to Salome. As the night wore away, that solemnity which comes with it touched the small circle. Short silences began to drift in, and after one of them, John said:

"In making that million thou talks about, Richard, don't forget that this world is not all. Men without religion will be men without friends; for as soon as they lose faith in God they lose faith in one another."

"I would rather not talk about religion, sir. Father and I have had our hardest words on that subject. He could not forgive me for what I once said about the Positive religion."

"Positive religion! I like that kind. It is the people who are neither hot nor cold that are the worst."

Richard smiled a little contemptuously, and then launched out into an explanation of his favourite ideas. John listened patiently, anger and pity chasing each other across his strong, massive face.

"Thou hast a sack of words, Richard," he answered; "but by what I can make out, this 'collective humanity,' this 'Grand Être' which is thy God, is only a great Being made up of little beings. Why-a! He'll be part thee and part me—what nonsense to be talking! I should think now that the religion which was good enough for 'the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, and the holy Church throughout all the world,' might have been sufficient for thee."

"But if you cannot believe it?"

"I'll tell thee what, Richard, young men's atheism is mostly vanity. I'm very sure of one thing—if a good man has doubts, they are very painful to him; they will be a solemn secret in his own soul, and not a frivolous babble for everybody's ear.

"The trouble is, that all preachers take things for granted. They don't prove them to us."

"They don't need proving, Richard. If there is one thing more plain than another in the religious teaching of the Bible, it is that religion proves itself. Things spiritual are spiritually discerned. When I have eaten a good dinner, you don't need to prove to me that I am satisfied. I know I am, and there is an end of it. So, also, when I have been hungry and thirsty after righteousness, or broken-hearted with sorrow, and I have gone to God in prayer, and been filled and comforted, you don't need to prove to me that there is a God who answereth prayer. I *know* there is, and there is an end of it."

"Still there are natures which ask and need evidences."

"Very well; there are books full of them. I can't say that ever I cared to read them. I have no doubt they all make it highly probable that Christianity is true. That is an opinion. But *feel God*, Richard; do His will until He speaks within you as a living voice, 'Thou shall,' and 'Thou shall not.' Then you will *know* there is a God, and that the religion of your father is true."

"Certainly I ought to say nothing against it. You have been very brotherly to me; you have not said one unkind word. A stranger might think you rather liked to trust a man you never saw before with three hundred pounds."

"Nay, then, I like my money as well as any man does who works hard for it. But I don't like it better than I like thee; and as for saying snappy words, I have no warrant for them. When Christ finds a lost sheep, He is not half angry with it, for all the trouble it has given Him; not He! 'He layeth it on His shoulders, rejoicing.' It is none of God's way to make the path home thorny."

He had risen as he spoke, and he offered Richard his hand. The young man was sincerely touched. His eyes filled as they met John's glistening eyes, and he said, "Whatever comes, John Denby, I will do my best."

It is more blessed to give than to receive, and perhaps it is much easier also. At any rate, John far more quickly forgot the pardon and help he had given than Salome forgot its necessity. She could not bear the secondary place which her own sin had forced her to take. She even resented it for her brother. "Poor, dear Richard!" was her involuntary comment at the end of every train of thought having Richard's own sin for its subject. And she thought of it continually—not to repent of it, but to be irritated by it. For if sin met by love does not end in repentance, its lonely pain brings to the soul a miserable restlessness.

She watched John suspiciously and continually. If a shadow crept over his face, if he remained silent, if he took a ramble on the fell alone, she was sure he was thinking of the event so terrible to her selfish pride. She affected that spurious, sulky

humility which demanded that he should always take the initiative. Unless he talked, she sat silent; all the sweet spontaneity, all the pretty ways of wilful authority, which John had so gladly submitted to, were exchanged for a mechanical acquiescence far more annoying than opposition.

And sin has an amazing vitality. It begets others of its kind. Every day this evil spirit took a stronger possession of her. She soon began to have a positive pleasure in the misery she had power to cause. No event was too trivial to become a weapon. If John said, "Well, little woman, here is the blue sky again; it will be a fine day," she could take all the colour out of the sky, and all the sunshine out of her husband's heart, by answering, in a voice of perfect hopelessness, "I am sure I don't care. All days are alike to me."

At first he pitied her. He thought it was her tender conscience, her shame and sorrow for her sin, her regret at having wronged his great love. He tried to be more gentle with her, and to remind her of a love far greater than his own. He put himself to trouble, and took her to Manchester for a week; he bought her many pretty trifles; he urged her to surround herself with young and cheerful company.

It is not to be supposed that Salome had no hours of shame and regret for the wretchedness she caused. Many a time she watched John down the fell with an aching heart. She could not but notice the change in him. He had been used to carry his head so erect, to lift up such a joyful face, to walk so confidently and rapidly. Salome understood well why his step had become heavy and hopeless, and why his face was so thoughtful and his eyes so troubled. She often made good resolutions, but nearly as often they vanished the moment John returned. A glance, a word, something he did, or something he failed to do, was sufficient to arouse the wicked spirit she had permitted to occupy all the rooms in her soul.

This was a trouble John had to bear alone. Not even to his sister, or to Salome's parents, would he speak of it. But who can shut the eyes of those who serve them? Salome's cook knew that "t' missus weren't happy," and that "t' master hed been makkin' a fool of himsen about a lass as nivver existed nobbut in his awn soft heart."

"Ay," answered Lydia, "and it is dark days for him now he's found oot his mistake. He feels, I'se warrant, same as if somebody was dead—that is the way I felt when Jemmy Barker turned out such a rascal."

At the mill, John's "queer way" was just as freely discussed; and it was the general opinion that "t' master wer' cursing his weddin'-day a bit harder than ivver Job cursed his birthday."

And yet there were other circumstances which might well

make any man look anxious and gloomy. The cry of "war" had at last, like the cry of "wolf," become a certainty, and the pinch of cotton, John knew, would be the pinch of bread all over the cotton-spinning districts. One night, nearly a year after Richard's departure, John went home very much depressed. Salome handed him a letter. It was from Richard—the first they had received. He had been appointed surgeon to a brigade, and was in the South with it.

The letter was a beautifully descriptive one, full of military enthusiasms, and of noble sentiments of many kinds. For long John had not been so happy. Salome wept in his arms, and confessed that her brother's silence and the shame of his apparent ingratitude had almost broken her heart; and John was only too ready to excuse and forgive, and to pity the sorrow he blamed himself for not understanding.

They talked of Richard, and both were now hopeful for him. Salome was sure that he had now found his proper arena. "He was always ambitious," she said, proudly; "and so fond of good society. And now, you can see, John, he seems to be altogether among the generals." For some days she was so happy in her hope that John could not bear to say a word which might damp it. He did not point out to her that the object of the letter was to induce another loan, or gift, of money. "One meets so many miserable creatures flying for life or liberty," he wrote, "and of course it is a duty to help them, and money is so scarce."

"Poor, dear Richard!" said Salome; "I know he gives them his last penny. Of course he does when he offers his life for the cause."

"His salary is middling good, Salome."

"It is just nothing when he is in the midst of such poverty and suffering. I shall take the letter to father. He ought to read it in chapel, and ask the people to send help to these poor creatures."

"Salome, dearie, we shall soon be needing help for ourselves, I fear. I don't say but what it is a grand fight, and I wish it well with all my soul; but I know that it means famine and cold and fever and untold misery to all the cotton-spinners in England. I'll very likely be a poor man myself when the war is over."

"John!"

"Yes, dearie; I see no help for it, unless I shut my mill now, without a week's delay."

"Shut it to-morrow, then."

"Nay, nay; I am none that wicked and heartless, I hope, Salome. I shall run it till the very last tuft of cotton I can get is spun. Then, no doubt, God will show me the next duty."

The conversation was on a Saturday night. The next morn-

ing Salome delighted John by saying she was going to chapel with him. She had not done so often for many weeks; she had not volunteered it nearly twelve months. He was almost nervously anxious that everything should be pleasant for her. Very happy to him was the brisk walk down the fell side that morning.

Mr. Fletcher's face attracted him as soon as he looked up at the pulpit. It was luminous, as if the body was transparent, and lit by a fiery soul behind it. But when he gave out the text, John understood the matter:

"The noise of a multitude in the mountains, like as of a great people; a tumultuous noise of the kingdoms of great nations gathered together; the Lord of hosts mustering the host of the battle."

"The Lord mustering the men who are to fight," said the preacher; "the Lord mustering the men who are to stand still, and wait, and suffer. The Lord shutting up the mills, and stopping the looms, and bidding you eat a morsel of bread instead of a full meal, while He executes judgment on the oppressors. The Lord saying to one company of His host, 'Hide the outcast, bewray not him that wandereth, let Mine outcasts dwell with thee.' The Lord saying to another company, 'Be ye outcasts from the homes ye have made pleasant for yourselves, until I have turned again the captivity of my people.'"

Strong men trembled while he spoke, and many women slipped quietly down upon their knees, and sobbed quietly behind their clasped hands. Generally in the chapel yard there was ten minutes of pleasant greetings, but that morning every one went silently to his home. The cloud that had been no bigger than a man's hand had suddenly darkened the whole heavens. Hitherto the want of cotton, the consequent want of work, the certain famine and distress, had seemed to them, like the lightning in heaven, far off. But the preacher's final adjuration to the rich men of the congregation had brought home the calamity like a thunderbolt.

"You know what Yorkshire men and women are," he said; "they won't beg under any circumstances. If you are wicked enough to let them starve, they will starve without a word. But remember that in such an emergency as you will soon have to face, you cannot save your money and save your souls also. I tell you all this—if a rich Methodist lets his poor brother or sister want bread while he has a shilling left to share with them, the love of God is not in his soul, and there will be no need to cross his name out of the class book—God will cross it out of the book of life."

The Higher Life.

FORGIVENESS AND CLEANSING.

BY BISHOP JANES.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John i. 19.

WHEN? When does He forgive? Why, when we confess and forsake our sins. When does He cleanse us from all unrighteousness? I answer in the words of my text, "when we confess and forsake our sins"—confess them under a sense of humiliation and contrition for the remaining corruption in our soul—come to Him, and in the name of the blessed Mediator, ask and receive—that is the moment; and because God does it, it can be done now. If you or I had to do it, it would be a very progressive work; but, as God does it, He can do it as quickly as He created the world. He who "spake, and it was done," can speak to the soul, and life and love and power shall flow through every part of thy redeemed nature. Expect it now! "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation."

I wish to call your attention to one more consideration here. I ask my brethren who have some misgivings on this question about this instantaneous sanctification, what are we going to do with all the experience of the Church on this subject? It has been one of our exultant doctrines that religion was experimental, that religion was conscious; and we have preached more persistently and vehemently the witness of the Spirit to our justification; and we have quoted—O, how many thousand times—the language of Wesley: "My heart strangely warmed." We have said that was conscious conversion, and we have rejoiced in it, and have sought the same blessing, and have found it, and exulted in it. Well, now, what shall we do, when Fletcher, and Benson, and Bramwell, and David Stoner, and Drs. Fisk and Olin and Bangs, and tens of thousands of others, have testified, both in life and death, that they are conscious of the hour and place when God, by the Holy Ghost, cleansed them from all unrighteousness? What are you going to do with

this testimony? You must believe it, or you must doubt the witness of the Spirit in the case of justification.

Well, now, if it be possible for us to realize instantly and to-day this cleansing from all unrighteousness, will any member of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ go from this place unsanctified? Will you not now confess what remains of worldliness and imperfectness in your heart? What remains there of wrong motive and wrong spirit? How much God sees that needs to be done for you? Then will you not bow down here before Him, and most humbly and penitently confess it, and ask and receive through our Lord Jesus Christ, the sanctifying Spirit? Is there not in goodness an attraction? And is there not in the fellowship of God a portion which is sufficient to attract, to draw, to allure to the blood that cleanses from all sin? O by the beauty and bliss of holiness, I beg you one and all, come and seek it, and seek it now! Let this be the hour when, and the place from which the tidings shall go to heaven that you have fallen into the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." "Let God, for Christ's sake, sanctify you wholly: and then look to Him that you may be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Seeing in a Fog.

A friend of ours last March, sailing down the coast, came on deck one morning to find the air pervaded by a fog so thick as to shut off the vision for even a few yards from the steamer. He had been aware during the night of a peculiar vigilance and activity on board, and ascertained that the fog had lasted since the previous evening. On inquiring from the captain concerning their whereabouts, he was told that they had passed Cape Hatteras in the night. "How did you know that? Could you see the light?" "O, no; not in a fog like this." "Well, you certainly could take no observation without a star in sight." "No; but we have other ways of seeing where we are than those you have mentioned." "How?" "By the lead. Our soundings told us when we were off the Cape, and when we had passed it." The spiritual have other means of seeing than what we call our sight. They see by the *lead*. That lead is faith. All distinctively Christian seamanship consists in the use of this "vision and faculty divine." There are nights when the heavens seemed walled above our heads, and no light shines from the shore, when through the moaning and midnight seas

we have the stormy and perilous crises of our life. But we go on, sounding the very depths that encompass and imperil us, and find in the rocks and shoals themselves our chart and our security. For we walk by faith, not by sight.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Christ the Centre of Christian Thought.

The ascendency of Christ to Christian faith gives character to a Christian's anticipations of heaven. A system of religion may always be tested by its theory of the rewards of virtue in another life. The old mythologies told what they were in the picture of Elysian fields. Islam proclaims its nature in its promise of a sensual paradise. The Scandinavian faith has its Valhalla. The North American Indian has his happy hunting-grounds. Last and least of all, poetry and romance disclose their effeminacy in the doctrine of a "spirit land," of which nobody knows the character. The Christian heaven is distinguished from them by this one peculiarity—that Christ is there. There, as here, Christ is the centre of holy thought. Heaven needs no sun or moon, the Lamb is the light thereof.

The single idea of meeting Christ, therefore, is the chief thing that makes heaven attractive to Christian hope. This it is that makes heaven our home. We are not qualified to go there till this thought does make it homelike to us. It is not the hope of happiness as such. It is not the thought of meeting patriarchs and prophets and apostles. It is not the hope of becoming the companions of heroic men who have suffered for the truth. It is not the prospect of sitting at the feet of Christian scholars, who may be still pursuing the researches in which they once fascinated us here. It is not the anticipation of meeting our favourite characters in history; the authors who have instructed us; the poets who have charmed us; the statesmen who have roused us to patriotic deeds; the preachers who have moved us by words which we expect to remember there; the writers of our favourite hymns, which we hope to have sung to us on our death-beds; men and women of the past, for whose creation we shall thank God forever—it is not chiefly the hope of meeting this noble company that renders heaven attractive to Christian faith.

Nor is it the dearer hope of meeting our kindred there, of breaking the long silence of their graves, and hearing again loved voices, and seeing loved faces, and grasping loved hands

again. No; not this is the central and regnant thought of heaven, when we seem to draw nearest to it, and catch the reflection of its radiance on the hills, or to hear the echo of its strains in the midnight air. The thought which then entrances us is simply that Christ is there. "I shall see Christ. These eyes shall behold Him. I, and not another. I shall be fitted to look upon Him without shame. I shall be so changed that I can bear the look of His pure eye. I shall be able to stand erect in His presence. I shall have a crown to cast at His feet. He will own me as His friend. I shall reign with Him. What that may mean I do not know, but He knows, and that suffices. I shall be *satisfied* when I awake."

Such has been the thought of confessors of our faith in all ages, as they drew near the confines of that world. Martyrs, from St. Stephen downward, have rejoiced in this vision. When one of the most learned of the Archbishops of England was on his death-bed, and friends sought to comfort him by a review of his great and noble life, said he, "Tell me not now of what I have done, or of what I have been. Tell me of Jesus Christ. I am going to meet Him, my Lord and my God." Another of England's sainted ones, well known in her annals of Christian martyrdom, when the flames wreathed themselves around his form, seemed to see heaven opened; and he could tell what he saw there only in words of rapture. "None but Christ! None but Christ!"

Going to Christ.

I feel, when I have sinned, an immediate reluctance to go to Christ. I am ashamed to go. I feel as if it would do no good to go, as if it were making Christ a minister of sin to go straight from the wine-trough to the best robe, and a thousand other excuses; but I am persuaded they are all lies direct from hell. I am sure there is neither peace nor safety from deeper sin but in going directly to the Lord Jesus Christ. This is God's way of peace and holiness. It is folly to the world and the beclouded heart, but it is the way. I must never think a sin too small to need immediate application to the blood of Christ. If I put away good conscience concerning faith, I am a shipwreck. I must never think my sins too great, too aggravated, too presumptuous, to hinder me from fleeing to Christ. The weight of my sins should act like the weight of a clock—the heavier it is, it makes it go the faster.—*M'Cheyne.*

"MATTER, LIFE, AND MIND."*

BY THE REV. PROF. SHAW,

(Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.)

If Christianity is rejected the mind must wander in saddest disappointment from one system to another, seeking rest but finding none, through the vast waste of surrounding desolation. The more cultured and sensitive the mind, the more closely in its wandering will it encircle the centre of truth. The grossness and unreasonableness of atheism are now abhorrent to the great majority of educated unbelievers. Materialism is palpably illogical and cold to the man possessing any spiritual refinement. To such a man Pantheism offers the most tempting allurements. Pantheism is to-day the source of greatest peril to faith. This possibly does not appear from the large numbers of its adherents or their demonstrative activity, but the insidiousness of its influence is such that by its plausibilities it allures the man who is thoughtful and spiritual and who eagerly desires to "find out God," and promises to put his mind to rest upon the question of the origin of the universe, for it identifies force and Deity and, evolving the universe from the Divine essence, makes God and Nature one. This is Pantheism in its purest and most plausible form.

The work before us deals some sturdy blows at all opposing errors, and goes boldly to the problem as to the nature and origin of life. It is aimed chiefly at Materialism and presents the arguments on this subject with telling force and in a most interesting style to prove that "matter is not, never was, and never can be till the constitution of nature is changed, the cause of vital phenomena." It rejects the Idealism taught by Prof. Bowne, and avers that "whatever is a self-centred source of energy is a substance." The author then proceeds to the crucial question, "What is Life?" This he defines as "a substance co-operating with the forces of certain kinds of matter, to work this world-stuff into organic bodies." The line of discussion will appear in the principal subjects discussed in the fourteen chapters, or 453 pages, of this octavo volume,—such as Vital Phenomena contrasted with Forces of Matter; The Mind as the Man identified in the Organism; Interaction of Mind and Body; The Physical Basis of Life and Mind. From these and kindred subjects it will appear that Materialism is the main point of attack. Pantheism, however, comes in for some attention, especially as connected with the Idealism taught by Bowne, "the acutest American metaphysician." Though a brother Methodist, he does not spare this great thinker, who is quoted as saying, "No pluralistic theory of ultimate being is tenable, but Pluralism must be displaced by Monism." The author interpreting this adds, "There is one God, that is, there is a Universe. This may not be the Pantheism of Spinoza, but is it not equally absurd?" This work is confidently recommended to all who are interested in the problems of Biology.

PEACE, peace!
Look for its bright increase;
Deepening, widening, year by year,
Like a sunlit river, strong, calm, and clear;
Lean on His love through this earthly vale,
For His Word and His work shall never fail,
And "He is our Peace."

* *Matter, Life, and Mind.* By REV. H. H. MOORE, D.D. 8vo., pp. 453. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

Current Topics and Events.

THE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY.

On the 23rd of January the work of the Educational Society of our Church was brought conspicuously before almost every Methodist congregation in this city. The energetic Secretary of Education, the learned President of Victoria University, and the Dean of the Theological Faculty, together with an interchange of the city pastors, set before the churches the claims of the Society, and the obligation to sustain it with the utmost vigour and efficiency. This, we think, is the great need of the hour. The scope of this Society covers the whole educational work of our Church, in all the Conferences. It demands a generous support altogether apart from the question of university federation. It especially affects the theological training of the young men who are to supply, in the near future, the foremost pulpits of our Church. In a young country like ours, where there is not the accumulated capital and hereditary wealth of an old and rich community, it is impossible to secure the large endowments which such long-established foundations as Harvard, or Yale, or Princeton have received. But something quite as good, it may be still better, is possible. If our educational work lie near the heart of our people, if it command their intelligent approval, their annual givings for its support will furnish as ample a revenue as the interest of a large endowment. The confidence and love and sympathy and honest denominational pride of a living and growing Church, will prove the best endowment for her great connexional schemes. Such a Church will send its sons, its best treasure, in crowds to our college halls; and in due time all needful endowment of chairs will follow. Without a dollar of invested funds, our Missionary Society is carrying on operations to the annual extent of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars. With a sublime faith in God, and faith in the Methodist people, it enters, year by year, upon its great work without a penny in the treasury.

Now, our educational work is not of less import to the future prosperity of the Church, and to the fulfilment of its divine mission on earth, than even its missionary work. When our Church fully realizes this, an adequate response may be depended upon for the one as confidently as for the other. The co-operation of the whole Church is needed for this work. The Educational Society appeals not to a few wealthy men for their large givings, but to every congregation for the givings of its individual members. The Educational Secretary can go to but a comparatively few of the larger places. Throughout all the rest of our far extended work the Society must depend, as the Missionary Society depends, on the hearty co-operation of the brethren upon the circuits.

As to the confederation movement, we understand that an influential committee have been examining plans, making suggestions for their modification, and procuring estimates. It is of the utmost importance that, with as little loss of time as possible, the work may go vigorously forward. Any prolonged interim cannot fail to be of injury to Victoria University. The record of that University is something of which our Church ought to be proud. We think that no institution of higher learning in the country has done so much for the country as it has done. The 2,000 graduates and some 700 students in the last calendar of Victoria University, and the high public positions which many of them have taken, present a record of work ac-

complished of incalculable benefit, both to our Church and to the country. And this work has been accomplished with inadequate resources and amid many discouragements and embarrassments. All honour to the noble men who have stood by this grand old college so many years; first of all to that learned scholar and administrator, Chancellor Nelles, and then to the faithful colleagues by whom he has been so efficiently supported. We hope, and we believe, that a brighter day is dawning upon that institution. That with ampler resources and in a wider field she will render still more important service, both to our Church and to the State. The pressing demand of the hour is such a united effort as shall enable her to enter upon this larger work with credit. We trust that a sufficient sum may, within a short period, be secured for the erection of buildings and thorough equipment of the new institution. Let every friend of Methodism realize that every hour in which the erection of suitable buildings is delayed is an injury to the college. Let every friend who intends to give to this object, give not freely only, but speedily, remembering that "that which is quickly done is twice done."

Home Reading for Young People.

Everyone who has had much to do with the instruction of young people has often been asked for advice as to what they shall read. Every religious awakening brings with it a mental quickening, and those who have given their hearts to God, wish also to make their brains more useful in His service. Yet often they know not what to read. The vast world of books is to them like a tangled wilderness, through which there is no blazed path. Some wander aimlessly hither and thither and make no real progress. Others attempt impossibilities and become discouraged. Others are beguiled by pernicious reading, lose all religious feeling, make shipwreck of faith, and ruin their mental powers. Now, we conceive it to be the duty of the Church to furnish guidance, as far as possible, for the mental, as well as moral, training of those committed to its care—especially to those who urgently ask its aid. This subject was urgently brought before the late General Conference by the Rev. B. F. Austin, B.D., Principal of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, and for the carrying out of this purpose the Conference appointed a large and influential committee to select and recommend an elementary course of reading for the young people in our homes and Sunday-schools. Many of these, for lack of such direction, waste their time and impair their mental energies by reading frivolous or useless, and worse than useless, books, when they might be laying the foundation of a broad, invigorating and liberal education. The committee charged with this work has met, and in order that in furthering its object the remainder of this winter may not be lost, they recommend a partial course of reading for the present year. That course, with the prices of the books, is as follows:—*

(*a*) Bible Outlines, J. H. Vincent, D.D., 12c.; (*b*) Richardson's Temperance Lessons, 25c.; (*c*) British and Canadian History, Adams & Robertson, 35c.; (*d*) Christian Evidences, J. H. Vincent, D.D., 12c.; (*e*) What is Education? by Professor Phelps, 12c., and Socrates, by Prof. Phelps, 12c. Supplementary illustrative readings will appear in successive numbers of the Sunday-school papers.

In order to carry out as efficiently as possible the directions of the General Conference, the Committee urgently solicit the hearty co-operation of all our ministers and Sunday-

* These books can be procured, at the prices marked, from Rev. Wm. Briggs, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto; C. W. Coates, 3 Bleury St., Montreal; and, Rev. S. F. Huestis, Methodist Book Room, Halifax. The complete list will be supplied for $1.00 net.

school superintendents and teachers in organizing, in connection with all our congregations and Sunday-schools, local Home Reading Circles. The Secretary of each local Circle is requested to report to the General Secretary, the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto, the organization and membership of said Circle, in order that the said General Secretary may be able to communicate with the local Circles on all subjects in which their interests are concerned. Forms of constitution for organization of local circles will be furnished by the Secretary on application.

This course of reading is not intended as, in any sense, a substitute for the admirable course of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. It is much more simple and inexpensive than that. It is intended for a younger grade of scholars, and is designed to lead up to the C. L. S. C. course. Where there are several young people in a family one set of books will serve for all, and the cost will be merely nominal. Local circles and schools may also purchase sets and lend them around among the members.

There are, we think, great possibilities of usefulness for our young people in this scheme, if the ministers, school superintendents, and teachers will kindly lend their co-operation and help to introduce it and make it the success which it may become.

Temperance in the Schools.

In no way can the temperance reform be more efficiently promoted than by the training of the young in uncompromising temperance principles. We rejoice that this is being done to so large an extent in the Sunday-schools of the country. At the last International Sunday School Convention in Louisville, a memorial from the Women's Christian Temperance Union, requesting the appointing of a Temperance Lesson every quarter, was carried by a very large majority, notwithstanding the opposition of a number of very influential persons. This year that recommendation comes into force, and in all the lesson helps in Christendom, and in nearly every Sunday-school, special prominence shall be given at least four times each year to this great reform. The influence of this on teachers and taught cannot but be very marked and very salutary.

In addition to this, our own Church takes very strong ground on the temperance question, and in all our schools a strongly-worded pledge against the twin-evils of intemperance and tobacco is tendered the scholars, with the striking result that in three years over 84,000 signatures have been obtained to that pledge. The Sunday-school periodicals of our Church, reaching a quarter of a million of scholars, are also saturated through and through with temperance principles.

But something more than this is needed. The instruction given in the Sunday-school must embrace in its scope the great doctrines of religion in all its aspects as well as temperance; and four hours or eight hours a year is far too little for this latter important subject. It should be taught every week in the day-schools. The Women's Christian Temperance Union of the United States has been urging this subject on the several State Legislatures, with the result that in some thirty different States and Territories temperance instruction forms a regular part of the curriculum of the public schools. This result has not been secured without great effort and in spite of the apathy and inertia of legislatures and the active opposition of the liquor interest.

The Canadian branch of this Union is endeavouring to secure similar legislation in this Dominion. From all we can learn, we think that they have not received the encouragement they deserve in this effort. It is not merely in the high schools, which are attended by but one-tenth of the school population, that such instruction is needed, but in the lower grades where the great proportion of the scholars are found. Instruction in the physical, economic and moral consequences of the use of alcohol can be made sufficiently

elementary to suit all grades. It is at least as important as a good many other things that are taught in the schools. Let parents and school-trustees, and the pulpit, and the press, emphatically demand the authorization of such instruction, and the educational authorities of the several provinces will not venture long to refuse it. And this being granted, what a potent lever will it prove for raising public sentiment to a higher level on this subject. In ten years these children will be the men and women, the voters, and moulders of public opinion.

And when a true conception of the appalling moral and physical ruin wrought by strong drink is enfibred in the young brain of the country, the knell of the traffic is rung. Drinking shall be under ban, and when the present generation of topers shall have passed away, there will come in their stead a generation of men and women who know not the accursed habit, and who are too well instructed as to its baneful consequences ever to acquire it. Let us warn and save the children that we may save the world.

Temperance in the State.

All things conspire to show the rapid progress the temperance reform is making. Of this the successive elections of Mr. Howland to the mayoralty of Toronto by such large majorities, on a direct issue between temperance and the liquor interests, is a most significant sign. It also shows the temperance people their strength and encourages them to further aggressive efforts. We regret that neither political party of the country seems to apprehend the importance of this issue. It outweighs all others. The number of Scott Act victories, and the large majorities by which the Act in many places has been carried, show that the country is ripe and ready for a still more stringent prohibitory measure. The non-enforcement of the Act in certain places is surely not the fault of the temperance men, but of the godless and lawless traffic. Having obtained the passage of the Act, it is not the function of the temperance voters to play the part of private detectives and informers to secure its enforcement. That is the duty of the executive administration of the country. We hope that temperance men will show themselves to be in earnest, and by voice and vote demand that the temperance legislation already obtained shall be rigorously carried into effect. We commend to our readers the following citation from *Zion's Herald*. What is true of New England is also true of Canada :—"It is not to be questioned that a new wave of enthusiasm in the direction of a suppression of the liquor traffic has been set in motion. The necessity of the hour will bring the different wings of the temperance army into unity of action. The reform may be momentarily hindered; it cannot be stopped. Prohibitory men are in earnest, and mean all they affirm. The saloon must go! Liquor-selling is doomed! Whatever stands in the way of an overwhelming moral conviction will certainly be swept away."

Peace Prospects.

The rejection of Bismarck's Army Bill by the Reichstag we regard as an augury in favour of the maintenance of peace in Europe. The man of "blood and iron" demanded an increased army estimate covering seven years. The Reichstag would grant one for only three years, whereupon the Chancellor dissolved the Assembly. We believe that the appeal to the people will show that the army-ridden nation longs for peace and is sick of the excessive military demands of Prussia. In a run through Southern Germany we were everywhere struck with the military oppression of the people. In every city the spiked helmets swarmed, and the largest buildings were the huge barracks. At the same time, while over a million of stalwart men were withdrawn from productive industry, and trained solely in the art of destruction, women were performing unwomanly labour in the streets, and unloading railway vans and the like.

The rejection by the French Corps Legislatif of the demand made by the Minister of War for a large grant for the conversion of the army rifles into repeaters, is another sign of the popular revolt against the despotic spirit of militarism that oppresses the nations. When the reign of the peoples shall come, the war spirit of the military bureaucracies shall be broken.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Rev. James Calvert, now venerable with years, has been visiting the scenes of his former labours, Fiji, and the Friendly Islands. Respecting the former he says: "Many thousands have been clearly saved, been very useful, lived and died happy in Christ. Cruel practices and degrading superstitions are extinct. Marriage is sacred, the Sabbath kept, family worship regularly conducted, schools established everywhere, law and good government well laid, and spiritual churches formed. A native ministry is raised up for every branch of the work which is firmly established. The language has been reduced to written form, 5,000 copies of the whole Bible and 50,000 copies of the New Testament have been supplied to the native converts. There are 1,253 chapels and other preaching places; 53 native ministers, 44 catechists, 1,019 head-teachers, all of whom are mainly supported by the people for whom they labour. There are also 1,877 local preachers, and 2,700 (mainly gratuitous) school teachers, 42,909 scholars, 1,842 schools; 27,421 Church members with 4,121 on trial and 3,192 class leaders; 100,534 attendants on public worship.*

Respecting the Friendly Islands, a Parliament met at Tonga, the debates of which are reprinted in shorthand by native young men. Tongan postage stamps bearing a likeness of His Majesty, George Tabou, are also issued.

Five years ago Rev. George Brown went to the Island of New Britain, a large island off the coast of New Guinea. He was scarcely on the island when he was savagely attacked by the natives and several of his Fijian teachers were killed. When he left the island a few months ago 500 of the natives assembled to do him honour and to load him with presents.

There is a movement among English Methodists in favour of Methodist union which seems to meet with almost universal favour. A united Methodism would aggregate nearly 900,000 members and preachers, and 1,500,000 Sunday-school scholars. It would be nearly twice as large as any other Nonconformist body in the kingdom, and would represent at least 4,000,000 people.

The five Methodist denominations in Sheffield recently held a temperance demonstration in the Albert Hall, which was numerously attended and was addressed by ministers from all branches of the Methodist Church.

A temperance demonstration was recently held at Manchester, at which W. D. Stephens, Esq., J.P., of Newcastle, presided, who said that in his town they had closed 118 public-houses in five years and in

* A famous stone formerly stood in front of the chief heathen temple at Bau, Fiji Islands, against which in the days of paganism the heads of innumerable victims of the cannibal orgies were dashed. For thirty years no human blood has stained it. It has now been taken into the great Church at Bau, and transformed into a baptismal font.

one year 2,000 persons had signed the pledge. He rejoiced that with his own eyes he had seen 40,000 people sign the pledge.

Methodist New Connexion.

A new church is to be erected in London South Circuit as a memorial of the jubilee of Queen Victoria.

A very successful bazaar has been held at Werneth which produced $4,250 net.

The Rev. James Innocent, for many years a missionary in China, has been visiting several places in England and has created much enthusiasm on behalf of missions. His wife also has held several meetings of ladies which have done much towards increasing missionary zeal.

Primitive Methodist.

Revival bands have been formed in several circuits in connection with which evangelists of both sexes are employed.

At the quarterly meeting of Surrey Chapel, London (well known as the headquarters of Rev. Rowland Hill), the minister in charge, the Rev. B. Senior, was invited to remain a ninth year. The Primitives are not bound by the three year rule. The minister at another London circuit was invited to remain for the eighth year. The minister at Croydon received a similar invitation and the minister at Reading was invited to remain a seventh year.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop William Taylor continues his labours in Central Africa. In one of his recent letters he says: "We have at this moment fifty-three living (and five dead) missionaries, including a few Christian children. In another letter he states that he had walked 230 miles in twelve days. He expects to establish a great number of additional missions when he obtains his steamboat, which he feels confident the Christians of America will send by next May. He will then be able to traverse more than 5,000 miles of navigable water.

The missionary bishop does not spare himself; he writes thus: "I work with spade, axe, or hoe, seven to ten hours a day, six days a week. During my ministry of forty-four years, I had no time nor occasion for any such work, but I never wrought harder nor with less fatigue in my youthful days. God gives me strength of muscle and of mind according to my need."

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Bishop Granberry has been visiting the missions in Brazil, of which he thus writes: "After ten years we have four missionaries, six local preachers, two hundred and eleven members and forty-eight candidates for membership; six Sunday-schools, twenty-six officers and teachers, one hundred and sixty-four scholars, and two hundred and seventy-two volumes in library. The whole amount collected in the field the past year was little over $2,000. There are three houses of worship besides rented rooms. We are building on a good foundation. It is the springing up of the least of seeds with promise of a large and healthy growth. There is great need for an increase of labourers. A daughter of Bishop Granberry is one of the mission staff in Brazil.

The Children's Day collections are divided as follows: Ten per cent. of them goes into a fund for the relief of needy Sunday-schools in the Mission Conferences and the remaining ninety per cent. is expended for the same purpose in the Conference where it is raised. At present the treasury of the former fund is empty.

The Mississippi Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church was recently held and was visited by Dr. Wechsler, a Hebrew rabbi, who, in his address, said: "I take an interest in everything which pertains to the welfare of the human race, and in everything that tend to improvement and righteousness. I do not care by what Church it is represented, for I consider every Church a great instrument to bring about that glorious time which our pro-

phets and sages have predicted, when God shall be acknowledged and true righteousness shall prevail all over the world."

There are now 16,000 coloured teachers in the United States; 1,000,000 pupils in the Southern States alone; 15,000 in the male and female high-schools, and 3,000,000 worshippers in the churches. There are sixty normal schools, fifty colleges and universities and twenty-five theological seminaries.

The Methodist Church.

The Central Board of Missions at its late annual meeting resolved to ask the Church to contribute during the current year a quarter of a million of dollars. The sum may seem large, but it is very small considering the membership of the Church; and when it is remembered that the domestic missionaries will receive little more than sixty per cent. of their just allowance, our readers readily see that the sum asked for is a very reasonable amount.

Chief Mountain, of Naas Mission, has sent an interesting letter to Dr. Sutherland, thanking him for helping Mr. Green, the missionary, to procure a brass band for his tribe. He says the first words they intend to play are, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

There is considerable uneasiness among some of the Indian tribes in British Columbia. The mission at Metlakahtla of which Lord Dufferin and others have written in terms of great commendation, is likely to be broken up and the missionary and his people are about to remove to Alaska. Our missionary, Rev. T. Crosby, is fearful of the consequences, as it is not likely that the Indians will quietly allow their lands on which they have bestowed much labour to pass from them by any Government authority without some redress.

It is expected that the Rev. Dr. McDonald, Superintendent of the Missions in Japan, will shortly arrive in Canada, where he will probably spend a year. One of the native Japanese ministers may possibly accompany him; if so, their presence will create a great interest in our churches.

Our brethren in the Eastern Conferences, as well as some elsewhere, are greatly disappointed that the General Conference did not organize a Sustentation Fund, and have taken steps to establish such a fund in connection with their respective Conferences. This is no doubt the least complex mode that can be adopted and harmonizes with the plan which was recommended by the last Toronto Conference. The plan somewhat modified will be introduced at the next Toronto Conference.

The Presbyterian Church is setting an example which the Methodist Church would do well to follow. Their scheme contemplates $750 as a minimum income and a manse to each minister, and an appeal is now made for $30,000 for that purpose. A collection was made on this behalf in St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, (Rev. D. J. Macdonnell's) and the amount realized was $1,609. If some wealthy Methodist congregations would do likewise, the hearts of many poor brethren would be greatly cheered.

Items.

The Church Mission to Deaf Mutes, of which Thomas Gallandett is general manager, is holding sign-services in twenty-five different places in New England.

The smallest Methodist Conference in the world is that of France, which is composed of twenty-five ministers and four laymen.

The Armour Brothers of Chicago have founded in that city a mission church and school. The buildings include a nursery, a kindergarten, a library, bathing rooms, and a free dispensary. The establishment will be maintained by the rentals of fifteen apartment houses now being erected for the purpose at a cost of $100,000.

The largest church in Washington is that of the coloured Methodists. Its cost was over $116,000, and it seats 2,800 people.

Book Notices.

Critical and Exegetical Hand-Book to the Gospel of St. John. By HEINRICH AUGUST WILHELM MEYER, Th. D., Oberconsistorialrath, Hanover. 8vo, pp. 565. New York: Funk & Wagnalls'; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $3.00.

It has been truly said that the gospel of St. John is the real battle-ground of Christian apologetics; that if the authority and authenticity of this gospel could be discredited, the battle of unbelief would virtually be won. Hence the importance of such learned and profound defences of this bulwark of Christianity as Dr. Meyer's commentary. Prof. Kendrick, the editor of the American edition, judiciously remarks, "To his wide learning, his philological exactness, his exegetical tact and acuteness, his independence and candour, he adds a hearty and loving sympathy with his author, which is among the surest aids to a right understanding of him. He has a thorough conviction of the authenticity and apostolical authority of this gospel. The miraculous works and theanthropic nature of the Lord he fully recognizes, and constantly discerns the essential agreement of the Johannean and Pauline Christology." The literature which has gathered around this golden gospel is a library in itself, and its riches have been laid under copious tribute by this prince of German scholars and commentators. This volume is translated from the fifth German edition, and contains the author's latest revision of his life-work. The student who possesses this book, and Godet's great commentary on this gospel, published by the same house, has the finest critical apparatus as yet given to the world for the study of the writings of the beloved disciple who leaned upon Jesus' bosom, and seems most deeply to have imbibed His spirit.

Applied Christianity, Moral Aspects of Social Questions. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D. Pp. 320. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price $1.25.

It is a very happy title that Dr. Gladden has given his very practical book. He regards Christianity in earnest—the application of the Golden Rule—as the only solution of many of the vexed social questions of the times. He discusses with a vigour and a pith unsurpassed by any economic writer that we know, and with a moral insight and faith in God and faith in man equalled by few, the relation of the rich and of the poor, of capital and labour, and the duty of the Christian Church to both. He speaks words of wise and honest counsel, the result of profound and prolonged study of these problems. Such plain, practical teaching is needed both within the Church and without. He denounces with the earnestness of a Hebrew prophet the gamblers in stocks, and the men who make "corners" in the food supplies of the world, and grind the faces of the poor. He points out both the strength and the weakness of socialism and discerns a most important advantage for both employer and employé in industrial partnerships and the practice of profit sharing. The duty of the rich to the poor is not merely to regard labour as a commodity like corn or cotton, but as being endowed with an immortal soul. Employers should therefore seek the social and moral elevation of their employés by means of model lodging-houses, free libraries, diffused education, rational amusement, whatever will lighten the toil and brighten the lives of the working millions of mankind. The chapter on Wage-Workers and the Churches offers wise suggestions for all who seek the evangelization of the masses, especially in industrial centres. In a vigorous chapter he

holds up the red flag of warning against the three dangers of the times: intemperance, divorce and stock-gambling. The relation of Christianity to popular amusements, so long and so widely divorced, he discusses not in the light of mere theory, but in the light of successful experiment in the city of Cleveland, where the best solution of the problem that we know has been worked out. The last chapter is on the Relation of Christianity to Popular Education. The author claims that not merely the intellectual but the moral and industrial aspects of the subject should be duly recognized. It is long since we read so wholesome, stimulating, and practical a book.

Orient. Being the Tenth Volume of Boston Lectures. By JOSEPH COOK. With Preludes and Appendices. With a fine steel portrait. 12mo, pp. xxii—340. Price $1.50. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This latest volume of Joseph Cook's lectures has especial interest as embodying the result of his observation and study in the East, during his recent philosophical tour around the world. Few men are so well equipped for the discussion of the great problems of humanity and religion in the Orient. The ripened thought of such a thinker upon the future of Egypt, Palestine, Syria, India, China, Japan, and Australasia cannot fail to stimulate the imagination and widen the sweep of our mental horizon. We hope to reproduce, in part, his pathetic account of woman's work for women in Asia, especially in India. Mr. Cook has here all his old charm of eloquence, and of bold and striking metaphor. In his preludes he discusses such important topics as, National Aid to Education; Revivals, True and False; Limited Municipal Suffrage for Women; Religion in Colleges, at Home and Abroad; Foreign Criticism of America; International Duties of Christendom. In five appendices Mr. Cook speaks of the Taj Mahal, The Himalayas, The Death of Keshub Chunder Sen, The Future of Japanese Civilization, and proposes Twenty-Four Questions on New Japan.

Our Indian Mission: A Thirty Years' History of the India Mission of the United Presbyterian Church of North America. By the Rev. ANDREW GORDON, D.D. 8vo, pp. 560. Philadelphia: Andrew Gordon.

This book is another of the valuable contributions of Christian missions to Christian literature. The narrative, at times, is of absorbing interest, especially the chapters which describe, with the vividness of an eye-witness, the appalling scenes of the Indian Mutiny. God grant that the history of missions may never record such another tragedy. The bulk of the book, however, is an account of the victory of the gospel over ignorance, prejudice, superstition, and fanaticism. It recounts the joys and sorrows, the trials and triumphs of missionary life. It is an inspiration to faith and hope and missionary zeal. It has a special interest to Canadians, as discussing the problem of the evangelization of the greatest dependency of the British Empire—of the greatest pagan population under Christian sovereignty in the world. If people would read such inspiring missionary literature more, they would be brought into more hearty sympathy with Christian missions, and would accord them more generous support. This book is embellished with some forty engravings, chiefly portraits of heroic Christian missionaries and cuts of mission scenes.

The Sacred Oratorios: Their Stories, their Music, and their Composers. A Handbook. By GEORGE P. UPTON. 12mo, pp. 335. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price $1.50.

This is a book for which the lovers of sacred music have long been waiting. It adds tenfold to the enjoyment of an oratorio to understand the *motif* of the composer, and we all want to know something

of the life and history of those who have so stirred our souls. This two-fold need Mr. Upton has met with much skill and conciseness in the volume before us. He first traces the development of the oratorio from the rude Mysteries and Moralities of the Middle Ages to the sublimest achievements of the musical art. Then we have brief life-sketches of the great masters and their modern successors, with outlines and descriptions of their works. One of the most valuable features is the analysis and citicism by musicians thoroughly competent for the task. Among the immortal names here celebrated are Bach, Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Rossini, and the more recent composers Berlioz, Costa, Liszt, Schumann, Gounod, Sullivan, Dvorak, Brahms and others. The lives of musicians are often touched with more than a spice of romance. The story of their great works is often of absorbing and sometimes of pathetic interest. Musical taste and culture are being more and more developed throughout Canada, and we feel that we are conferring a benefit upon lovers of music by directing their attention to this instructive and interesting work.

The Volcano Under the City. By a VOLUNTEER SPECIAL. Pp. 350. New York: Fords, Howard & Herbert. Cloth, $1.00.

This book gives a graphic account by an eye-witness of the startling events of the Draft Riot in New York city in 1863. No adequate account of that fearful riot has previously appeared. It will surprise the present generation to learn that scenes so like those of the Reign of Terror in Paris occurred so near us, in time and place, as in the city of New York in 1863. For nearly a week the city was helpless in the hands of a lawless mob. Like a wild beast, that mob raged and ravined and destroyed, as it seemed, in sheer wantonness of wickedness. The poor negroes were the especial victims of its spite. It burned their houses, wrecked their orphan asylum, beat them to death in the street and hanged their dead bodies from the trees. The Metropolitan police, and the handful of available troops —chiefly invalids on furlough— fought like heroes for the suppression of the riot.

Some idea of the gravity of the situation may be formed from the estimate that over thirteen hundred lives were lost in the street fights, and from the fact that over $2,000,000 were paid for losses incurred. In the crowded streets of the great city the reckless mob was only subdued by repeated charges with bayonets, and discharges of ball cartridge and of grape shot from cannon and howitzers. Not till several regiments of troops were recalled to the city was order restored.

The author, who acted as a volunteer special constable, has had access to the police telegraph book; and as we read his vivid narrative we seem almost to be present at the stirring events which he describes. He contends that the same anarchic elements which caused that deadly outbreak still slumber, like a volcano, beneath the surface; and may again burst forth, with still more deadly effect. A crowded, godless, reckless, foreign population, and the fell destructiveness of dynamite bombs, have added fearful possibilities to a popular outbreak. Nor is it in New York alone that this danger menaces. In every great city lurk these elements of peril, till moulded and controlled by the higher Christian civilization of the future.

An Introduction to the Study of Browning. By ARTHUR SYMONS. 12mo, pp. 216. New York: Cassell & Co.

There are few poets who so much need an expositor and interpreter as Robert Browning; and there are fewer still who will so well repay the study which is necessary to fully understand them. While he is the most obscure, we think he is the greatest of living poets. No other possesses such a keen dramatic faculty as he. Some of his obscurity

seems to arise from sheer perverseness. Much of his power arises from the dramatic vigour with which he projects himself into the character he represents—whether it be a Caliban upon Setebos, a Spanish monk, an Arab physician, a dying bishop, or a Sludge the Medium. Browning's greatest work—the Ring and the Book—is probably, on account of its length, the least read. It was published in four volumes, and tells the same story twelve times over, from as many different points of view. Yet the interest never for a moment flags. Though it is nearly twenty years since we read it, we vividly remember its absorbing and cumulative interest to the very end. It is here epitomised and expounded in a very lucid manner. We feel that we are conferring a benefit on our readers by directing their attention to this admirable help to the study of Browning. A complete bibliography of Browning's works is added.

New Historical Atlas and General History. By ROBERT H. LABBERTON. 4to, pp. xvi—284. New York: Townsend MacCoun. Price $2.40.

Comparatively few persons are aware of the advantage to be derived from the study of a good atlas in reading history. It will often make luminious what was obscure, and impress so vividly upon the mind the relation between location and event that neither can be ever forgotten. In the study of the Bible and of Bible lands, we maintain that no one can grasp the subject who does not make a diligent use of maps. It will add a new interest to history or biography, or even to the daily newspaper, to trace events on the map. We especially commend the practice to young people.

We do not know any apparatus which will so facilitate this practice as the volume before us. It contains no less than 72 full-page plates, printed in colours, containing over 200 distinct maps. These illustrate almost every political change which has taken place in historical countries within historical times. The accompanying letter-press, of which there are 213 pages, succinctly describe these changes, so that the book is at once a history and a geography of the world. The tables of chronology and genealogy, sylabus of contents, and historical bibliography, and copious index, greatly enhance the value of the book. The political changes on the map of Europe, since the beginning of this century—the shrinking of the Ottoman Empire, the growth of Russia, the unification of Italy and Germany, and the many concurrent changes—are clearly set forth. The labour involved in the preparation of these maps must have been enormous.

The Church and the Commonwealth: Discussions and Orations on Questions of the Day. By the Rev. WILLIAM COCHRANE, D.D. 8vo, pp. 560. Brantford: Bradley, Garretson & Co.

Dr. Cochrane is too well known as an able Presbyterian divine to need any introduction to the people of Canada. We have had the pleasure of reviewing in these pages his previous volume—an able discussion of the problem of future punishment—which had a phenomenal sale. The present volume discusses, with similar ability, some of the great questions of the day. The first of these papers—that on Christian Citizenship, its duties and obligations—is especially appropriate at the present important political juncture. Among the other topics treated are Capital and Labour, Popular Amusements, Skeptical Objections to Prayer, The Church of To-Day, etc. Then follow a series of biographical studies of Luther, Carlyle, George Brown, Lincoln, Garfield, and Grant; also able papers on Character and Culture, Religion and the State, Christ's Kingdom, its glory and perpetuity, and similar lofty themes. We are glad to see a volume of Canadian authorship of such sterling merit, and of such handsome mechanical manufacture. The illustrations, however, are not equal to the other features of the book.

Marguerite; or, the Isle of Demons, and Other Poems. By GEORGE MARTIN. Pp. 285. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Full gilt. Price $2.00.

The principal poem in this charming volume is founded on the quaint old legend that Roberval, one of the earliest colonizers of New France, left upon the "Isle of Demons," a rugged rock haunted with supernatural terrors, his niece, the fair Marguerite, her lover, and her old Norman nurse. Thirty months later, Marguerite, the sole survivor of the assaults of the foul fiends was rescued. She tells the story of her trials and sufferings as a nun to a group of nuns in a convent in France in the year 1545. It is a touching story told with rare skill and pathos. There are about fifty other poems, several of them referring to stirring episodes in Canadian history—all of them musical and gracefully written. In mechanical execution the book is one of the handsomest we have seen coming from the Canadian press—beautifully printed and bound, with red-lined margins. We rejoice to see such evidences of the progress of Canadian authorship and of Canadian book manufacture.

The Algonquin Maiden: A Romance of the Early Days of Upper Canada. By G. MERCER ADAM and A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD. Montreal: John Lovell & Co. Toronto: Williamson & Co.

Mr. Adam is well known as an accomplished *litterateur*, who has devoted himself chiefly to historical writing, and Miss Wetherald has already achieved a reputation as a writer of graceful prose and verse. This volume combines the excellences of both. It gives an interesting historical picture of society in Upper Canada during the viceroyalty of Sir Peregrine Maitland. It was a formative period in the history of our country and may well furnish a theme for a social study. The local colouring adds much to its interest. The glimpses of "muddy little York" bring vividly before us the early days of our now metropolitan city. The touching story of the "Algonquin Maiden" gives an opportunity for a summary sketch of the forest tragedy of the almost total extirpation of the Hurons, with which few Canadians are as familiar as they ought to be.

How to Win: A Book for Girls. By FRANCES E. WILLARD. Sq. 8vo. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs.

Many thousands of persons regard Miss Willard as herself one of the noblest embodiments of ideal womanhood that the age has seen. With a singular devotion she has consecrated her life to lifting the fallen and rescuing the perishing. In this book she writes out of a full heart her words of counsel and guidance to the young womanhood of America. Every girl will be stirred to nobler impulses by reading this book. To grace of style the author adds a keen, spiritual insight and a lofty, ethical purpose. The sister of President Cleveland writes a brief introduction.

LITERARY NOTES.

The first year of the *New Princeton Review* has been a marked success. Few periodicals have equalled it for the virility and appositeness of its articles. It begins its second year with an admirable number. Such contributors as John Safford Fiske, Henry Calderwood, Dr. Hodge, James Bryce, M.P., Charles Dudley Warner, the Compte de Paris, George Parsons Lothrop and others are a guarantee of its character. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Bi-monthly, $3.00 a year.)

The January number of the *London Quarterly* (T. Woolmer, London) is one of the best ever issued. Each article is timely, readable, strongly written and with full mastery of the subject. This old Wesleyan Review we think the peer of any published in the world.

The January number of the *Methodist Review* (Phillips & Hunt, New York) has an excellent article by its veteran Editor, Dr. Carry, on the Future of Christ's Kingdom, and several other admirable papers.

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